

THE
LOVER'S REVENGE
AND
OTHER POEMS.



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THE LOVER'S REVENGE

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
MISS J. THIGPEN,
OF CLINTON, GA.



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TO MY BELOVED

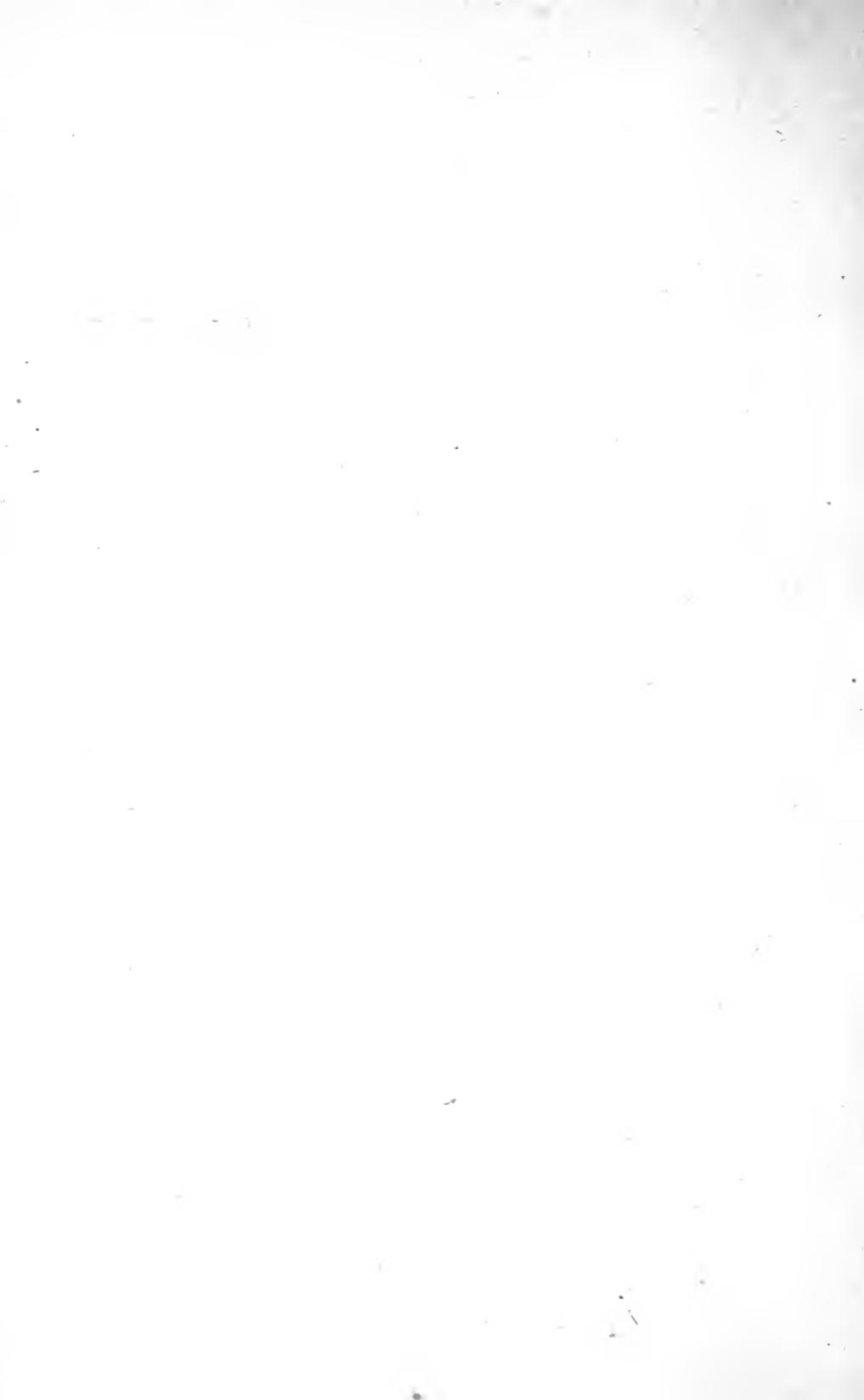
FATHER AND MOTHER

BY THEIR

LOVING DAUGHTER.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

The fair authoress who gives this delightful volume to the public, is not unknown to fame as a poetess. The readers of the HOME CIRCLE, published at Nashville before the war, will remember some beautiful poetry that appeared over the signature of "Jessie Linn," the *nom de plume* of Miss THIGPEN. These articles were highly esteemed, and won golden opinions for the young writer. We give her Poems to the world believing they will be appreciated by all lovers of genuine poetry.



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THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

Young the maiden was and fair,
With azure eyes and golden hair,
Lips of coral, fresh and bright,
Cheek and brow of purest white,
Colored with as soft a glow
As light of sunset clouds on snow.

In her bridal robes arrayed,
Stood that fair and gentle maid,
Woman's love and woman's trust
Plighting to a child of dust.
Yet was his a noble form,
And his heart was pure and warm,
And as full of love and truth
As ever throbbed in breast of youth.

Tender looks were on them bent,
Smiles and tears together blent,
While the sacred vows were spoken
Which till death might not be broken.

When the heart has found its mate,
And accepts its happy fate,
Hand-in-hand, for weal or woe,
Through life's checkered ways to go,
With their joys and sorrows blent,
With united purpose bent
Lovingly to share each duty,
Is it not a scene of beauty?

Wherefore, then, amid the joy,
Should prophetic fears annoy?
Wherefore should the tears unbidden
Rush too swiftly to be hidden?

Ah! I knew, I knew full well
 That the winecups's fatal spell,
 Though it had not strongly bound him,
 Had its glamour thrown around him.

In that crowd a sufferer stood,
 Coldly calm, in cynic mood,
 Hiding, in his bleeding heart,
 Slighted love's distracting smart.
 Never nobler youth than he
 Bowed at Beauty's shrine the knee;
 And I sorrowed for the grief
 That I knew disdained relief.

Earnest words of gratulation,
 Prayers from hearts all agitation,
 And the solemn scene was ended,
 With its lights and shadows blended.
 But, another stream of being,
 To the eye of the All-seeing,
 Had begun its widening way
 To the great, Eternal sea.

When the festal scene was over,
 Came the disappointed lover
 To my side, and freely spoke,
 Told me that his heart was broke;
 That the glory which had shone
 O'er his future, now was gone.
 Never lofty aspiration,
 Never joyous hope's elation,
 Could arouse his palsied will;
 Could his frozen bosom thrill.
 Then I told him, as was fit,
 Many on that rock had split,
 Loving blindly, holding fast
 Forms of faith, in falsehood cast,
 By romantic dreamers vain,
 Held with danger, lost with gain.
 For I knew that time can heal
 Deepest wound that love can feel;
 But one wrong step, rashly taken,
 Lifelong misery can awaken.

In my hand a scroll he placed,
 On which he some lines had traced;

For young Walter was a poet,
 Though, as yet, he did not know it.
 Then we parted, when I spread
 Wide the leaf, and sadly read :

“O maiden of the trusting heart !
 Mine eyes are dim for thee ;
 Thy peace, preparing to depart,
 With outspread wings, I see.

“And on that altar, where thy love
 A holy offering lies ;
 A cloud has fallen from above,
 And veiled it for the skies.

“Thy star of earthly hope has set—
 The deep its orb enshrouds,
 Although its radiance lingers yet
 Upon the gathering clouds.

“Thine eye is on that lingering light,
 Thy thought is all of joy,
 While on thy path descends the blight
 Its verdure to destroy.

“Oh ! there's a seal upon thy doom
 Which death alone can break ;
 Soon, soon, thou wilt the lonely tomb
 As “hidden treasure” seek !”

“Prophet false !” I quickly said,
 “Love not thus may be betrayed.”
 But the dark foreboding still
 Baffled my opposing will ;
 And its shadow, on my heart
 Fell, and would not thence depart.

Smoothly, for a season, flowed
 Life's fair current, brightly glowed
 O'er them fortune's rising sun ;
 Happiness seemed fairly won.
 Then there came a whispered word,
 Half suppressed but widely heard,
 That a noble man was falling ;
 And I knew he was not calling

On the Strong for strength, but still
Trusting to his own weak will.

Paler grew the wife's fair cheek,
But she did not, would not seek
Human sympathy, or show
To the world her cause of woe.
But ere long himself revealed,
What her love and pride concealed,
That her idol had descended
From his throne, where stars attended,
And to ruin swift was rushing,
Madly, blindly and unblushing.

I was out one day in spring,
Birds made happy music ring—
Birds of various note and plume ;
And the earth was flushed with bloom.

Such a day as makes the heart
With new energy to start ;
Rouses feelings that involve
Hopes renewed and fresh resolve.

While I stood among the flowers,
Came that wayward friend of ours,
Walter Manly, gay and beaming,
But I marked a subtle seeming,
Like a mask, upon that brow,
Ever open until now.

“ Tidings, friend ? ” “ Fair news,” he said,
“ My rival is as good as dead :
In wild delirium, now, he lies,
And calls for help, but none replies.”
“ Walter, this I will not hear :
Fit your language to my ear.”
“ Well, then, I have waited long,
For the righting of a wrong ;
I could bear it were’t my own,
But I suffered not alone ;
She, the holy angel, driven
From the heart she made her heaven—
Priceless love all unrequited,
And her life in spring-time blighted,
Her’s the wrong, for vengeance calling,
And I joy to see it falling.”

“O, deceitful human heart !
 How it plays its subtle part !
 Trust, oh ! trust it not, my friend,
 Its counsels ever selfward tend.
 Think you, would such dark redress
 As death of love bring happiness ?”
 “Should she love where love is shame ?”
 “Love hopes, and long delays to blame.”
 “Heavenly justice sets her free ;
 And her recompense will be
 A worthier love and nobler life
 When she is made my honored wife.”

“Walter, first, you do not know
 That her strength could stand the blow ;
 If it should, she might remain
 Too wary e'er to trust again.
 Hear the counsel of a friend ;
 Let this dream of madness end ;
 Far above your present view
 Lies the path you should pursue.”
 “Point it out ; I greatly need
 Some skillful hand my soul to lead.”
 “There is but one unerring guide,—
 The spirit of the Crucified.”
 “I know him not—I sought in vain
 That wondrous knowledge to obtain.”
 “Not sought aright ; He never spurns
 The earnest soul to Him that turns ;
 That humbly bends the suppliant knee,
 And longs from self and sin to flee.”
 “Mystery all ! You do not show
 Clearly how, but this I know ;
 If ever man from self is freed,
 Power divine must do the deed.
 Briefly now, my duty paint.”
 “Raise the fallen, cheer the faint ;
 Think no more of wrong and blight ;
 Deem not you have lost a right ;
 But that sad mistake has been,
 Which the future must redeem.”
 “Many thanks,” and, bowing low,
 Silently he turned to go ;
 And I prayed that harvest fair
 The seed I'd sown might early bear.

Soon to foreign lands I went ;
 Pleasant years in travel spent ;
 Seldom hearing from my home :—
 Once, alone, did tidings come
 Of that gentle, suffering wife,
 And her darkly clouded life.
 Sad the tidings—he she loved
 Recreant to his vows had proved ;
 In the drunkard's maddening bowl,
 Quenched the brightness of his soul,
 He, the gallant, gifted youth,
 Once so full of love and truth,
 From his former self estranged,
 Now unto a fiend was changed ;
 And the life he should have cherished
 By his fury would have perished,
 But that his unsteady hand
 Could not guide the fatal brand.

Once, again, among the flowers,
 Mantling o'er my own fair bowers,
 On a pleasant eve in May,
 I wandered, happy, light and gay ;
 Soon, a footstep that I knew,
 Brought my wayward friend to view,
 Who, on graceful knee low-bended,
 Kissed the hand I had extended.

In the glad and cordial greeting
 Of long parted friends at meeting,
 Midst his frank and boyish glee,
 For awhile I did not see
 That a wondrous light and grace
 Played upon young Walter's face,
 But I soon perceived the beaming
 Light was not a transient gleaming,
 But a rainbow on the spray
 Of a hidden fount at play,
 Far within his soul's recess—
 Living fount of happiness.

Then he told how the word
 I had spoke his soul had stirred ;
 With a holier aim inspired,
 With a stronger purpose fired ;
 And that by divine assistance,

And unflinching self-resistance,
He had found that nobler way
Which, I said, above him lay.

Then I asked, without a fear,
Of the friend, to both so dear.

“She is happy—he restored
To the manhood once ignored;
More than that—far higher lifted,
With sustaining grace Heaven-gifted,
Both, as friends, I hold in store,
He no less and she no more;
And we three together now
At our Saviour’s altar bow.”

How my heart was thrilled with joy!
‘Twas a bliss without alloy.
“Glorious news! O Walter tell,
Whence and how this miracle?”

“Whence it came, you know full well;
How ’twas wrought, I cannot tell:
But, whereas I once was blind,
Now I see; and, seeing, find
That in man lies not the skill
To direct his erring will.
Once, through darkly-tangled maze,
I was treading devious ways;
Hidden pitfalls lay before me,
Gloomy clouds were gathering o’er me;
Still, to keep the right I tried,
But from that path I wandered wide.

While all fear of danger scorning,
Kindly came a voice of warning—
Warning of the pitfalls near;
Bidding me myself to fear.
It showed the path to light that led,
And, ‘through the tangled maze,’ it said,
‘There is but one unerring guide—
The Spirit of the Crucified.’

“That gracious Guide I sought and found;
And now, with joy, I’m Heavenward bound.

But why go on! You know the rest:
There is no soul that Christ has blessed
But, in its new-found happiness,
With all the world would share its bliss!

“ But first the Spirit bade me go
To him whom I had called my foe,
And I obeyed with loving zeal;
And he, surprised that I should feel
Concern for one so fallen, or stretch
My hand, to save so lost a wretch,
Affected, e'en to tears, received
My words, and in their truth believed.

“ First, the redeeming pledge he signed;
Then, higher, by degrees he climbed,
Till sin's dark spell that bound him broke,
And in God's light his spirit woke.

“ Rejoicing now in boundless bliss,
I cannot speak my happiness!
It is as if a sea of love
Were poured from the glad heavens above,
And I, upon its waters clear,
Join hands with millions floating there!”

NOVEMBER.

The Autumn glory lingers
On sky and forest yet,
As hope's fair light illumes the heart
Whose sun of joy has set.

It bodes no glad fruition
As Summer's golden day ;
But 'tis a gleam from heaven that lends
Enchantment to decay.

'Tis like an angel standing
'Mid desolation's track,
And saying, " In the world of light
I'll give your treasures back."

I walk the gorgeous forest,
And think of trophied halls,
Where banners of a thousand hosts
Adorn the blazoned walls ;

Of stately old cathedrals,
With pillared aisle and dome
Made glorious by the mellow light
Through pictured windows thrown ;

Of ruddy flames yet burning
O'er Summer's funeral pyre ;
Of him who 'walked the mount of God
Amid the stones of fire.'*

And glorious feelings thrill me,
Unearthly in their power,
As if the light of other worlds
Fell round in golden shower ;

As if the way were open,
So oft by angels trod,
And I were near the gate of Heaven,
And felt the smile of God.

*Eze., 28, 14.

SPRING.

Earth has risen from her slumbers,
 Fresh and fair in morning light,
Throbbing with new vigor, nourished
 By the restful winter's night.

She is culling, for her vesture,
 Finest fabrics, tenderest hues ;
She is sprinkled with sweet odors,
 And has bathed in morning dews.

For the sun, her lover, cometh,
 From his journey far away ;
And his ardent missives tell her
 He is nearing day by day.

Ah ! her beauteous cheek is flushing,
 And her heart beats quicker still ;
For she feels his eye upon her,
 And its beams her pulses thrill.

Lovely in her soft robes floating
 Round her form of wondrous grace ;
Lovely in her tints of beauty,
 And the smile that lights her face ;

On the soft blue ether resting,
 With the bending heavens above,
As a bride, in sweet expectance,
 She awaits her coming love.

SUNSET HILL.

Let us walk, my love ! This evening calm
Brings the feeling of youth to my heart once more ;
There's a quickening thrill in the light, and a balm
In the breeze, that recall the days of yore.

But throw around thee some drapery light,
For the air of the evening is growing cool ;
And needful in age is the shielding care
That we spurned in youth, when the pulse was full.

This path that leads to the Sunset Hill—
'Twas our favorite walk in the days gone by—
On its easy slope we may rest at will,
And enjoy the pleasures of ear and eye.

Let us linger here on the bridge awhile,
For a fairer scene 'twill be hard to find ;
And dearer to us than its beauty's smile,
Is the charm of the mem'ries it brings to mind.

'Twas a day like this—I remember it well,
Though it lies in the distance of fifty years—
Such a spirit-glory o'er nature fell,
Like a tide of love from the heavenly spheres.

We were revelling then in the rosy light
Of youth, and in love's enchanted land,
With the perfect trust that is born of truth,
Were blissfully wandering hand-in-hand.

Down there, where the maples are all aflame,
With the crimson leaves I crowned your brow ;
And I wished for a throne or a glorious name,
With a homage proud at your feet to bow.

But when, 'neath the "roseate canopy,"
 On the poet's hint* I told my love,
 The radiant flush on your cheek and brow
 I marked with a joy all words above.

It was not, I fancied, a blush of shame—
 In a love like ours it could have no part,
 But the perfect flower of a happy hope
 Whose bud had lain folded within your heart.

Then, with hands united, we climbed the slope,
 And ever our course has been upward still;
 And when life's journey is ended at last
 May we take our flight from the 'Sunset Hill!'

Come on, for the shadows are lengthening fast,
 Though they dim not the glory above and around;
 Our footsteps are stirring dead leaves of the past,
 But pleasant though sad is the rustling sound.

Methinks the ascent is more toilsome now
 Than it used to be, and I really feel
 A pleasure at seeing the half-way seat,
 For weariness o'er me begins to steal.

Yes, both are weary. How short the time—
 Since you had the step of the wild gazelle,
 And I had a vigor of heart and limb
 No toil could weary nor danger quell!

Too soon does the rosy cheek grow pale,
 And the light of the loving eye grow dim!
 Too soon do the springs of enjoyment fail,
 And the vigor depart from heart and limb!

We are nearing now that shadowy land
 Where the angel of death is hovering ever;
 But dearer to each is the tender band
 Which strongest seems when about to sever.

Each morn I wake with a trembling thrill
 Of anxious love till I hear thee breathe,
 Then I thank my God, thou art with me still,
 To wander awhile in the paths beneath.

*Beneath yon crimson tree,
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame.

Well, on to the summit—we're rested now,
 And the sun is already begining to wrap.
 Around him the drapery of his couch—
 Let's go and wish him a pleasant nap.

Yes, here, by the mercy of God, again,
 In the sunset of life, we are sitting once more
 On the dear old seat that is half a shrine,
 So hallowed by golden hours of yore.

The cloud-pictures even which here we have seen,
 Though their perishing glories have faded away,
 Still linger in mem'ry, as dreams of the night,
 Though forgotten, will fill us with pleasure all day.

But fairer and holier views than these
 Have blessed us while sitting contemplative here;
 Through the glass of faith, to the soul serene,
 How oft has the vision of Heaven been clear!

Look yonder, my love! There's a city of gold!
 See its palaces, minarets, towers and domes!
 They suggest to my fancy the City above,
 Where the Lord is preparing our lasting homes.

Then thought went up on the wings of faith,
 And their converse assumed a higher tone;
 They spoke of the spirit's hopes and fears,
 And the comforts that flow from the heavenly throne;

Of the mystic voyage they soon must take,
 Of the mournful parting so near at hand;
 And they prayed, while standing upon the shore,
 That in one same boat they might leave the land.

Then silence fell over the peaceful scene,
 And the city of palaces melted away;
 The sun went down in a sea of gold,
 And still they sat in the twilight gray.

A beautiful child, with noiseless feet,
 There found them, still sitting beneath the beach;
 Her cheek on his shoulder, her hand in his,
 And a peaceful smile on the lips of each.

“Grandmother, wake up! O grandfather! come!
It is cool up here, and you’re staying too late!
We’ve a fire like winter, so warm and bright—
Tea’s ready, and father and mother wait!”

She patted the hands, that so lovingly twined,
She looked up in the faces so calm to see;
She fondly and tenderly murmured their names,
And they cheerfully rose and went down to tea.

THE YOUNG POET.

Where Nature, in her holiest mood,
Adoring, dwelt in solitude ;
Where earth and sky a temple seemed,
And fadeless the Shekina gleamed :

There dwelt a youth, whose lofty soul
Beyond the stars had fixed its goal ;
Whose heart was free from low desire ;
Whose lips were touched with heavenly fire.

That wonderous power to him was given,
That holy gift whose source is heaven,
The power through words to sway the heart,
And glorious aims and hopes impart.

And blissful dreams and visions bright
Made all his pathway glow with light ;
And words of praise, sincere and strong
Gladdened him as he passed along

*
Life was, to that so-gifted boy,
A cup of pure, unmixed joy ;
And while, with eager zest he quaffed,
He blessed the hand that gave the draught.

His nature, simple, high and true,
No dark distrust of others knew ;
His heart, in boundless love went forth,
And, in its grasp, embraced the earth.

Not breathing, thinking life, alone,
To him, was kindred to his own ;
Where'er the trace of beauty dwelt,
The universal soul he felt.

When leaves were green on summer trees,
And lightly danced amid the breeze ;
Or when, with gold and crimson hued,
They decked with pomp the solitude ;

Or when, with rustling sound they fell,
 And thickly lay o'er hill and dell,
 And from the dust with mournful sigh,
 Answered the wind that passed them by,

He loved the woods. Fair Nature's face
 Was dear to him in every place;
 But most he felt her presence there,
 When none was near his bliss to share.

In form, in motion, color, sound
 Exhaustless depths of joy he found ;
 And thus his heart's wild passions slept,
 And thus his soul its whiteness kept.

A child of nature, near to God,
 A beauteous world in peace he trod,
 Nor knew its very air was rife
 To other ears, with sounds of strife.

That youthful poet loved his lyre,
 And o'er its chords, in waves of fire,
 He poured his soul, till far and wide
 The spirit-glory rolled its tide.

He loved it—not because, alone,
 It knew so well his spirit's tone ;
 But that congenial hearts he found
 To his were by its influence bound.

Oft on the mount of vision fair
 He sat and breathed its holy air,
 And reveled, with intense delight,
 In scenes had blessed an angel's sight.

Then with an ardent zeal he wrought,
 That, fixed in hues of fadeless thought,
 The visions might not pass away,
 But joy to other minds convey.

One darling theme possessed his soul,
 And fancy's wing, that spurned control,
 Brought from her boundless regions fair
 Treasures of ocean, earth and air,

Wherewith he clothed, in robes of light,
The forms of truth whose naked might,
Perchance, had struck the observer's eye
With sense too strong of majesty.

Each night its inspiration brought ;
Each morn, with zeal renewed, he wrought,
And tireless traced, with burning pen,
Such thoughts as thrill the souls of men.

‘Twas not a tale of high emprise,
Of knightly deeds 'neath distant skies ;
No trumpet's clang its music made,
No banners on its breezes played ;

Nor glowing dreams of fairy land
Engaged the minstrel's heart or hand ;
Nor unrequited love he sang,
Nor hopes that on earth's promise hang.

The mystery of that life sublime
That lies above the realm of time ;
The soul's high birth, its nature high,
Its boundless hopes and destiny—

Such were the themes his soul inspired,
And burning thoughts his pages fired ;
While peace and truth and faith and love
His world allied to that above.

He labored long—at length 'twas done ;
The visions faded and were gone ;
The glory round him ceased to play ;
The inspiration died away.

As from the ark, with trusting love,
The patriarch sent his lonely dove,
And waited till his calm suspense
In silence grew to hope intense ;

Even so with fond and trusting heart
The poet saw *his* dove depart,
And glorious hopes to her did cling,
The pure of heart the bright of wing.

But, as the raven wandered wide,
Above the dark and shoreless tide
And brought no leaf of promise back—
No peace-branch from her stormy track ;

So to the poet came no voice,
To bid his waiting soul rejoice,
To tell him that his wandering bird
Met answering love or kindly word.

Yet on his heart no shadow fell,
No dark foreboding cast its spell,
Till suddenly the tidings came,
Which as an arrow pierced his frame.

The bright creation of his mind,
The form a heavenly soul enshrined,
By critic's hand consigned to death,
Had meekly breathed its final breath.

Ah, woe for him ! the practiced hand
That hurled the shaft might none withstand !
The point was wet with precious gore,
And now a two-fold death it bore.

So unexpected came the blow,
So true of aim th' undreaded foe,
The yielding victim bowed his head,
As grass beneath an army's tread.

No more his broken lyre he strung,
No more his songs of beauty sung.
So rudely freed from earthly ties
His spirit sought his native skies.

In the deep shadow of the dell,
Beneath the trees he loved so well,
In his unspotted youth he slept,
And early flowers his vigils kept.

A LAST FAREWELL.

How shall I speak of thee !

How think of thee, upon whose faded brow
The glorious light of immortality
Is kindling even now !

Not as of those who still,

Mid earth's gay haunts, with joyous footsteps tread ;
My heart is checked with strange and sudden thrill,
As near the awful dead.

With solemn step and slow,

I see thee walk beside the rushing river ;
While in the cold damp winds that o'er it blow
Thy wasted form doth shiver.

But not in darkness there,

And not in loneliness thou tread'st the vale ;
For light from heaven illumines the chilly air,
And shadows flee and fail.

And shining forms, unseen

By us, are lingering near to take thy hand,
When these of earth, on whom thou still dost lean,
Must leave thee on the strand.

What is it now to thee

That earth's dear sounds are fading on thy ear !
That all its glories and its pleasures flee,
While heaven is drawing near !

Thy ear hath caught the sound

Of sweeter music than it heard of yore ;
Thou restest in a holy calm profound,
Thy soul knew not before.

Darkly the waters roll,

And wide and deep the stream before thee lies ;
But thou, with fearless and unshrinking soul,
Look'st on with steadfast eyes.

There hangs before thy view,
Upon the farther side of that broad stream,
The awful curtain that divides the true
From that which doth but seem.

And thou art waiting now
Only till Death shall draw the veil aside;
And bid thee to his quickening scepter bow,
And enter glorified.

Fain would I yet, once more,
Look on thy face, and hold thee by the hand,
Ere thou shalt pass from this dim, earthly shore,
To that celestial land.

I know it may not be;
And sadly now I breathe this last farewell,
For when, again, mine eyes thy face shall see,
Or where—oh ! who may tell !

THE VICTIM.

I saw him at his mother's knee,
A child, untouched by art;
Life's morning dew was on his cheek,
Its sunrise in his heart.

And, while that mother's hand amid
His clustering ringlets lay,
With earnest brow he listened as
She taught his lips to pray.

On life's arena, broad and thronged,
I saw that form again,
In youthful ardor combating
With strong and earnest men.

And hopes around him clustered thick,
And hearts upon him leant,
And praises fell where'er he moved,
And pride before him bent.

And, though, along his path, the vile
Their snares before him spread,
Unharmed, he still his course pursued,
With firm and fearless tread.

Yet, in an evil hour, I saw
Him won to Bacchus' shrine,
While Beauty, as the priestess, stood
Arrayed in charms divine.

Unto his lips, with Circean art,
The fatal cup she held,
And he, who had his foes withstood,
By friendship's hand was felled.

THE VICTIM.

The maddening cup he deeply quaffed,
And, from its crimson tide,
The founts of joy, that in his heart
Had played, shrank back and died.

No more in honorable strife
He sought the victor's crown;
No more he thought of future bliss,
Nor of his fair renown.

The beauty of his manly form
Still faded day by day;
The waning lamp of intellect
Sent forth a feebler ray.

The heavens, that on his path had smiled,
Now wore a gathering frown;
And, ere the noon of life was reached,
His darkened sun went down.

THE POET.

God giveth the Poet to live in dreams,
And, though they fade away,
They are still renewed from immortal streams,
Like the glorious flood of day.

His way may be thorny, and rough, and bare,
And clouds o'er his sky be rolled,
But the hue of the rose is everywhere,
And the clouds are tinged with gold.

The arrows are keen that pierce his heart,
But their point is dipped in balm ;
In conflicts deadly his soul has part,
But he leaves them with crown and palm.

The path of life is above to him,
And he treads it with purpose high,
And with heavenward brow, that the world may not dim.
The light of his glorious eye.

Though forbidden to ask or hope too much
Of sympathy here below ;
Though the fountains of joy, unsealed by his touch,
He never on earth may know ;

He feels that his mission is holy and grand—
A boon by the Holiest given—
And he scatters the fruits, with a liberal hand,
That grew on the trees of Heaven.

THE STRENGTH OF WEAKNESS.

She was a gentle woman—nothing more;
No trace of lofty thought her forehead bore;
No sign of that indomitable will
Which braves repulse, and struggles onward still.

You would have feared to see that tender flower
Meet the soft falling of a summer shower ;
And prayed that, sheltered in some sunny nook,
It never might the winds of autumn brook.

But clouds were on her sky, and burst the storm,
While with the noonday sun her path was warm ;
It came whence none such danger did suspect,
And, when it passed, her all of earth was wrecked.

Then, in that hour of darkness and of dread,
When even hope from pitying hearts had fled,
Then, while in utter helplessness she kneeled,
The hidden strength of weakness was revealed.

Men saw that to an arm Divine she clung,
And, while the shadows still around her hung,
Calmly she rose, and with a brow serene,
Trod the strewn pathway where the storm had been.

CONTRASTED PICTURES.

If there be in the soul of man,
By God enriched and blest,
One bright and glorious faculty
More wondrous than the rest,

Methinks 'tis that creative power,
Which, blending light with shade,
Can forms and hues of life portray
To live when those shall fade;

Can catch those transient gleams wherein
The soul's deep feelings play;
Can fix and hold the flash of thought
When thought has passed away.

Before me lies, in picture fair,
An almost angel face,
With eyes of azure, golden hair,
And smile of cherub grace.

Upon the faithful mirror now
I fix my mournful gaze,
And trace, with pain, the contrast sad
That limner true portrays.

The manly brow is seamed with care,
The eyes' glad light is gone;
Times' touch has dimmed the shining hair
And sunk the cheek so wan.

Ah me! upon the sea of life
How far my bark has sped
Since in fair childhood's port it lay,
With blue skies overhead!

And adverse winds have strongly swept
O'er sea, and land and sky;
And all is changed beneath the heaven,
And changed, alas! am I.

Ah! never on those glassy seas
My bark shall sail again!
The petrel walks the stormy wave
Where sat the halcyon then.

FAIR BUT FALSE.

The light of beauty on thy brow
Is glorious in its spring-time glow ;
And heaven is mirrowed in those eyes,
Where thought in dreamy slumber lies.

No sculptor's art could match the grace
That lingers round that form and face :
No minstrel's hand, with skill divine,
Awake such thrilling tones as thine.

Yet, as the seeming stars that sleep
In the blue sea's unfathomed deep ;
Or those false waters, bright and clear.
The mockery of the desert air ;

E'en such the charms that 'round thee throw
A halo of immortal glow ;
E'en such the radiance and the bloom
Which only light the spirit's tomb.

For truth to thee is but a name,
And love, an *ignis-fatuuus* flame ;
And all the hopes that spurn the dust,
Thou view'st with scorn, or cold mistrust.

Alas ! when from the crown of youth
Falls the unfading gem of truth ;
Alas ! when in the dust are laid
The bright-winged hopes that round it played ;

We mourn above the ruined pile ;
We tread with awe its shadowy aisle ;
And sighs are breathed, and tear-drops fall
O'er broken arch and mouldering wall.

But sadder far it is to see
The wreck of immortality—
The beauteous wreck, still floating on,
With aimless course, o'er seas unknown !

AGAIN.

I had entombed that love so long,
That from its turf had sprung
A tree of strength whose wreathed boughs
With healing leaves were hung.

And I could walk beneath its shade,
And talk with Memory there,
And pluck, without a pang, the flowers
Whose fragrance filled the air.

I thought no resurrecive power
Could raise that love again,
Or bring my soul once more to bow
To its entralling chain.

And now, behold ! a viewless word
Hath thrown its prison wide,
And that long-buried love hath risen,
Immortal, glorified !

THE TEMPTATION.

In that fair spot, renowned in sacred lore,
Whose hallowed dust man's earliest footprints bore,
O'ershadowed by the interdicted tree,
Through whose wide-spread and breeze-stirred canopy
No ray of light came glancing from on high,
No leafy cleft revealed the far blue sky,
He stood in calm, majestic dignity,
Who bore the image of Divinity.
Fresh from his great Creator's plastic hand,
Wearing the signet of his high command,
And, by his side, a graceful being stood,
In fair maturity of womanhood ;
And both were gazing with delighted eyes
On the rich garden's unrestrained supplies.
From the horizon's far encircling bound,
O'er many a scene with thrilling beauty crowned,
Their fresh, untiring vision wandered free,
With keen delight, that verged on ecstasy.
Then Adam, turning to his gentle bride,
To whom his thoughts flowed, as the ocean tide
To the fair queen of Heaven, "How vast," he said,
"How infinite the field of knowledge spread
For us, dear Eve ! how much, even now, revealed
On Nature's face, and yet how much, concealed
In time's development, shall be brought forth
To bless our sons and to exalt the earth.
By mortal weakness only are we barred
From depths unfathomed. No restriction hard
Is laid upon us by our gracious Lord—
No laws but such as meet our own accord.
One source alone of knowledge is denied,
And for our safety that,"—and Adam sighed.
Eve, while he spoke, had, from her dangerous stance,
Surveyed the tempting fruit with timorous glance ;
And when he ceased, with still averted eye,
In daring question thus she made reply :
"Hast thou not often felt a strange desire,
In secret held, doth not thy soul aspire
Sometimes to grasp at that mysterious lore
Which can reverse all we have known before ?"
To whom her lord : "My dearer far than life

Such thoughts are impious and with danger rife ;
 Knowledge of good, thou knowest, is freely given
 To us as to the blessed sons of Heaven,
 And evil is withheld from love alone,
 For but by loss of good is evil known.

He who created well our nature knows,
 And what promotes our happiness bestows,
 And we no less against ourselves conspire
 Than him when aught forbidden we desire ;
 But we must guard our inexperienced will,
 For we have power to change our good to ill ;
 And I, as thou, have felt within my breast
 A secret yearning for the unpossessed."

Then Eve again : " I would this beauteous tree,
 With its fair golden spheres, we might not see ;
 For pleasant sight doth not the taste suffice,
 And ban or hindrance marreth Paradise.
 If there be, folded in its fruit, a curse,
 Why should it stand in God's fair universe ? "

" Eve, check thy daring thoughts ! thou dost mistake
 The purpose of our God. He cannot make
 Aught evil in itself ; but, by His laws,
 Inseparable stand effect and cause ;
 And that which blesses in its proper use,
 Becomes pernicious only by abuse.
 Perversion mars the fitness of His plan
 And frustrates His design of good to man,"

" It may be, then, this fruitful tree hath use,
 Undreamed of now, and that which were abuse
 In us, may, in some other creature, be
 The indulgence of a blameless liberty."

" Doubtless, our Maker, when he formed it, knew
 A nobler end than meets our narrow view ;
 Yet, for ourselves, it was not made in vain,
 Though under ban its fruit should aye remain.
 Have we not powers of soul, that take delight
 In things that serve not baser appetite ?
 Do we not deeply love, in every form,
 The spirit of beauty with which earth is warm ?
 And can there be, within this garden's bound,
 Or the wide earth's, a tree more glorious found ?
 Its beauty is our own, its forms and hues,
 Its odors sweet, and we, unblamed, may use
 Its sheltering canopy : Oh ! surely, Eve,
 These blessings we should gratefully receive."

" Yet, Adam, not in safety, we admire
 Charms that excite prohibited desire.

To me it seems far wiser to forego
A doubtful good than risk a certain woe.”
“ Yet surely, Eve, more grateful ’twere to God
To use the gifts His bounty hath bestowed,
Than carefully to shun them, or neglect,
As in them were an evil. To expect
Will but induce temptation, and the fear
Of yielding will but bring the peril near,”
No more they spoke, but silently reclined
Upon the flowery turf, and soon resigned
Their troubled thoughts to slumber’s gentle sway,
And airy fancy’s wild, fantastic play.
Then came the tempter, and, when Eve awoke,
To her, the weaker, in his craft, he spoke.
How he succeeded in his fell design,
And how prevailed against the word divine,
The heavens and earth bear record. It is traced
In characters that neither dim nor waste.
As “ graven with an iron pen and lead
Upon the rock forever.” It is read
By men and angels ; and, though sumless tears
Have fallen thereon through all the lapse of years.
Still ineffaceable, man’s fall and curse
Remain the blot of this great universe.

THE PASSOVER OF DEATH.

A sound broke on the midnight air—
An outcry wild and dread—
A nation's heart was uttered there
Whose light of life had fled.

That night the fearful angel, Death,
Had hovered o'er the land;
And men had fallen before his wrath,
As grain from reaper's hand.

The flower of Egypt's realm lay low;
Her shield of pride was riven;
Each household band had felt the blow,
And each, its choicest given.

No home exempt; the wail that rings
Through Pharoah's palace halls,
Is echoed from the heart's deep springs,
In lowly, mud-built walls.

The captive, in the dungeon, weeps
The son he may not see;
The mother, sad, her vigil keeps,
In lonely misery.

Throughout Egyptia's starry night
The mournful sound rolls on—
A sea of human grief, whose might
Is felt at Mercy's throne :

Oh ! where were then, the faithful few,
Jehovah's law who kept;
Who 'gainst the world had held Him true,
And still in bondage wept !

Could He forget to save His own ?
No ! By that wrathful stroke
Their prison doors were open thrown,
Their galling fetters broke !

And while, abroad, the vengeful sword
Its flaming terrors threw,
They, *by the sprinkled blood* secured,
No fear of danger knew.

Safe, as a rocky fortress high,
The land of Goshen stood;
Calm as a star on stormy sky;
Strong in the power of God.

And still, though ages since have rolled,
That symbol holds its power;
A seal whose mysteries enfold
Redemption's priceless dower.

And now, as then, to God who flees,
Finds, in the sprinkled blood,
An isle of peace 'mid stormy seas,
An ark on whelming flood.

THE MOTHER OF SISERA.

Judges 4: 28.

The mother of Sisera stood
And gazed from her lattice high,
With a terrible fear in the curdling blood,
And a mist in her straining eye.

Away over hill and plain,
Toward the battle-field afar,
Her tireless vision was sweeping in vain
Till the light of the evening star.

She had watched from the break of day
For the pageant she loved the most.
The conquering banner's triumphant play,
And the march of the victor host.

But, as hour after hour passed on,
And naught from the battle was heard,
With the dews of the morning her pride was gone,
And the fears of the mother were stirred.

Her ear was athirst for the sound
Of the trumpet that spoke him near,
Not the hero so brave, by the nations renowned,
But the son, to his mother so dear.

Oh, why does he tarry so long !
From her heart came the passionate cry,
His chariots are many, his army is strong ;
He has conque'd—he surely is nigh.

Still far o'er the distance she gazed
With a thrilling and yearning pain,
To catch the first gleam from his banner that blazed
O'er his native hills again.

Her agony grew intense
With the struggle of hope and despair ;
But Mercy prepared, by the lingering suspense,
For the anguish it could not spare.

She knew not Megidda's green vale
Was crimson with blood of the slain;
That Jeehovah had scattered the army of Baal,
Whose altars were smoking in vain.

No prescient sense unveiled
That scene in the treacherous tent,
Where the temple of life was so rudely assailed,
And its sacred veil was rent.

Too soon will she hear the sad tale,
For fleet are the coursers of woe,
And o'er the land there is rising a wail
That will sweep like the tide in its flow.

But Israel's hills, so long
By the foot of oppression trod,
To a nation redeemed, echo back the glad song:
"So perish thy foes, O God!"

THE SACRIFICE.

The conquering Jephthah to his home returns ;
Devotion's fire within his bosom burns ;
He may not, if he would, recall his vow,
By victory won 'tis sealed upon him now.
Yet, feels he not a trembling, anxious fear,
Lest it should be an object all too dear
On which his vow shall fall ? How throbs his heart !
How from his brow the drops of anguish start
At the wild thought that flashes through his brain,
And leaves a trace of keen and thrilling pain !
“Oh, if it should be she ! Yet, if it should—
My darling child, so beautiful, so good—
If God requires the offering, it shall be
Accorded with a spirit strong and free.”

He nears his home, and Mizpeh's frowning towers
Drive back his thoughts to Syria's woodland bowers,
'Neath which, when forced from his own land to roam,
His exile found a safe and pleasant home.
Not flying now he comes ; not sad and lone,
But with his banner to the breezes thrown,
And the inspiring trumpet's martial notes,
Whose music proud o'er hill and valley floats :
For God hath saved His people by his hand,
And He is now the Ruler of the land.

Now, through the opening vista, full in view
His mansion stands, and quick the portal through
A graceful figure passes, fair and young,
And followed by a fair and youthful throng.
“O God, 'tis she !” His brain and vision reel ;
His wrung heart sends to Heaven a mute appeal.
The patriot spirit shrinks not, but the heart
Writhes as the oak by lightning rent apart.
One instant only on that face is glassed
The fierce emotion that within has passed,
Then slowly passes off the eye's eclipse,
And calmness settles round the rigid lips.

With sound of timbrel and with dance, they come
With songs of welcome to his land and home ;

With shouts of triumph, and with peans high,
They come to greet the son of victory.
A radiant girl is she who leads the band,
With the dark beauty of her native land ;
With flashing eye, and cheek of sunset glow ;
With raven tresses rippling in their flow ;
With softly rounded form and stately mien,
Amid that lovely train she stands a queen.
And Jephthah reined his steed and sprung to earth,
And sudden ceased the music and the mirth ;
And she, his daughter, flew to his embrace.
And felt his burning tears upon her face.

“ Why art thou sad my father ? Wherefore now
Should gloom o’ershadow this imperial brow ?
A nation’s praise awaits thee, and thy home,
With welcome fond, forbids thee more to roam ;
If victory cannot cheer thee, O my sire,
Thy daughter’s kiss now bids thy griefs expire.”

The hero sadly gazes on that face
So loved, so lovely in its youthful grace ;
“ Tis thou, my daughter, thou hast brought me low,
And fillest now the measure of my woe ;
For I have sworn to Heaven, and may not now
Escape the dread, irrevocable vow,
Thou by the hand that reared thee must expire,
And mount to Heaven in sacrificial fire.”

Just for one instant did the life depart
From lip and cheek, and curdle to her heart ;
Then, with a spirit worthy of her sire,
She scaled the height where martyrs bide the fire.
“ And is this all, my father ? then no more
Let thy fond heart thy patriot vow deplore ;
For, by the God whose favor crowns thee now,
A willing victim to the stroke I bow.”

In spacious temple, not by mortal made,
With mossy floor, and walls of pillared shade,
O’erhung by the blue sky that bends above,
With changeless smile of universal love,
Alone, beside an altar rudely built,
On which no victim’s blood hath yet been spilt,
The priestly father stands. His marble brow,
Serene and high betrays no anguish now.

The mouth is firmly set ; the eagle eye,
 Now dim, is fixed afar on vacancy.
 Yet does that cold exterior slightly sheathe
 The heart that writhes in agony beneath.
 Well hath he weighed the cost of that rash vow
 Whose fearful earnest he is paying now ;
 At leisure hath he counted, day by day,
 The thousand joys with her to pass away ;
 Yet, o'er her doom he ne'er hath sighed " Alas ! "
 Nor prayed the bitter cup from him might pass.

One hope, indeed, hath sometimes shed its light
 Across the darkness of the coming night ;
 And now, as nearer draws the fatal hour,
 He almost yields to its delusive power :
 Once in the past, as now, a father stood
 Beside an altar in the darkling wood,
 With faithful soul, and heart with anguish wild,
 At God's command to sacrifice his child ;
 But, when the victim bound and lifted blade
 That sire's obedient spirit had displayed,
 An angel's hand the falling stroke withheld,
 And God's own voice the stern command repealed.
 Oh ! might He not thus interpose again,
 And make His mercy glorified of men ?

The hour is come ; and silently around,
 In solemn spell of awe and sorrow bound,
 Kindred and friends have gathered. Circling wide
 Within the leafy screen, they seek to hide,
 As sometimes we avoid, in sorest need,
 The friend for whom our hearts in secret bleed,
 And leave him lonely in his soul's dead pain,
 Feeling that human sympathy is vain.

Now breaks upon the ear a mournful strain
 Of music from a white-robed, vestal train ;
 And soon, emerging from the greenwood shade
 With measured steps, they crossed the mossy glade,
 And, ranged before the altar, silent stand,
 With beauty lighting up that picture grand.
 The victim fair, with flowery garland crowned,
 With long white robes that floated on the ground,
 Stood with a martyr's calmness on her brow,
 And said : " My father, I am ready now ! "

Silent and motionless awhile he stood ;
Then slowly, softly rearranged the wood ;
And turning, lightly raised her from the ground,
And laid her on the altar all unbound ;
With tender care he placed each slender limb,
And smoothed her robes, with eyesight growing dim ;
Gazed at her fondly through the gathering mist,
And her fair brow almost with reverence kissed.
The daughter could her heart no longer check,
But rising sudden, round her father's neck,
With anguished soul, her arms she fondly flung,
And for one instant on his bosom hung ;
Then calmly, with inimitable grace,
Upon the fatal pile resumed her place,
Raised her dark eyes to Heaven with holy faith,
And closed them, with a smile awaiting death.
Then Jephthah, lest his stern resolve should fail,
Or lest his daughter's gentle heart might quail,
With sudden impulse seized the fatal knife,
And sought, with steady hand, the fount of life.

No angel interposed—the gurgling blood
In crimson tide o'er the white garments flowed ;
And women held their breath, and stern-browed men
Grew pale, who ne'er had quailed at death till then.

RIZPAH.

“Now bless us, O mother ! the hour is at hand,
And we willingly yield to our country’s demand.”

“Can the blessing avail of a mother unblest,
When the curse of a God on her children doth rest ?”

“Look on us, O mother ! uncover thy face !
Thou knowest we die for the guilt of our race ;
Our hands are unstained, and our hearts are as pure,
And Jehovah Himself gives us strength to endure.”

“Oh, were you less noble, less gentle and brave,
My sons, I might yield you to rest in the grave ;
But peerless and spotless, how can ye request
That my heart should comply with this fearful behest ?”

“Hast thou seen the affliction that wasteth the land—
The woes that are dealt by a prodigal hand—
And viewed them increasing by night and by day,
Till the hope of the nation is withered away ?
And hast thou not heard, from the word of our God,
That for Saul and his house is this anger abroad ;
And the vengeance of Heaven no prayers can restrain
Till atonement be made for the blood of the slain ?
Let thy love for thy God and thy country reply,
Is it better that we or the nation should die ?”

“My country ! Oh, name not my country to me,
Nor provoke to rebel ‘gainst Jehovah’s decree !”

“Then bless us, our mother, and send us away,
For the escort awaits, and we may not delay.”

It is done—they have parted—and never again
Shall they meet till the earth shall uncover her slain !

And that desolate mother is sitting alone,
As rigid and pale as the sculptured stone ;
The semblance of calmness that rests on her brow
But evincing the depth of her measureless woe,
One hour of suffering, fierce, intense,
Has held in its fetters both soul and sense ;
And when consciousness wakes to external things,
With the first wild thought to her lattice she springs.
The streets are filled with the parting throng,
And slowly and sadly they move along ;
But she heeds them not, for her straining sight
Is fixed on the far and fatal height.
Oh, a terrible scene for a mother’s eye

Is pictured against that glowing sky :
 Seven princes there of the house of Saul
 As felons hang, and amongst them all
 Her own fair sons she may clearly trace,
 By their father's height and his form of grace.
 One loud shriek bursts from her tortured soul,
 And oblivion waves above her roll.

The sun is obscured by the western hill,
 And Gibeah's streets are lone and still ;
 And gloom o'er the city is spread as a pall,
 For the heart of the people is troubled for Saul.
 And Rizpah sits in her chamber dim,
 And her voice is heard in her evening hymn,
 Mournfully broken, but soft and sweet
 As the lonely dove's in her dark retreat.
 A light step falls on the marble stair,
 And her heart beats fast with the wild hope there ;
 But a maiden appears in the opening door,
 And the brief illusive dream is o'er.
 She turns to the window and gazes afar
 Where the pale young moon and the evening star
 Look mournfully down as they silently spread
 A silvery shroud o'er the noble dead ;
 And sadly she sighs o'er the hope so vain,
 "Oh, never, my sons, will ye come again ?"

The maiden approaches—"My lady 'tis done ;
 The pavilion was spread by the set of the sun,
 And the chariot is ready to bear thee away ;
 Yet once more, O, my lady, I pray thee to stay :
 Even here, in thy palace, afar and secure,
 Thy sufferings are more than thy deart can endure ;
 But there, with the dead, on that desolate steep ;
 How can'st thou the terrible vigil keep ?
 Remain, and thy servants will watch in thy stead,
 For the love which they bear to thyself and the dead ;
 We are many and strong, thou knowest how true ;
 We will swear that no harm to thy sons shall accrue.
 The jackal shall cry for the flesh of the slain,
 And the raven shall hover above them in vain."
 "God bless your devotion, my faithful and tried !
 In your day of distress may He stand by your side.
 But not, oh, I pray, in the vengeance Divine,
 With the cup of His wrath, as He standeth by mine ;
 Fear not for my sake, though the chalice I drain,

Nor think He the remainder of wrath will restrain.
 I have drunk without faltering, and now shall I shrink ;
 Shall I turn from the cup while He bids me to drink ?
 I will not—I dare not—the fiat is passed—
 I will wring out the dregs to the bitterest and last.”

“ Though thy love be so great, and thy courage so strong,
 As to bear an ordeal so dreadful and long,
 Think, I pray thee, how far can thine arm avail
 When the beasts of the forest their prey assail ?
 And if thou the fierce trial thyself will not spare,
 Permit us, at least, in thy vigil to share.”

“ I cannot consent that the hearts of the young
 Should for me by such horrors be tortured and wrung.”

“ But my father and mother thou can’t not deny ;
 They have sworn they will follow thy steps till they die.”

“ Then I will not oppose—they may go if they dare—
 They will seal up the sum of their faithfulness there.”

Earth sleeps—the faded and weary earth !
 Forgetful of sorrow and blight and dearth ;
 And the watching heavens bend peacefully o’er,
 As though they remembered her guilt no more.
 But vainly the curtains of night are spread,
 And the dews of night divinely shed
 For the agonized mother who sitteth alone,
 At the door of her tent on her couch of stone.
 The world, forgetting its sorrows deep,
 ’Neath the watching eye of Heaven may sleep ;
 But her aching heart no rest may know,
 Though it writhe and break in its speechless woe.
 Her eyes, in fondness and horror dwell
 On the faces of those she loved so well,
 Those faces which still more ghastly seem
 By the watchfire’s pale, uncertain gleam,
 And bewildering thoughts tempestuous rise,
 As over the past wild memory flies ;
 And the future reveals, in its awful gloom,
 No rest for hope but the joyless tomb :
 Wild thought and dread, whose impetuous rage
 Is sweeping hope from its anchorage,
 And darkening heaven, till its holy light
 Is almost hid from her spirit’s sight.
 Her faithful attendants, who all the night through,
 In silence, with sympathy tender and true,
 Still sit in her presence, and share in her grief,
 Seek not to restrain what admits not relief.

The long and terrible night is past,
And the glorious morning appears at last ;
But Rizpah, shuddering, turns away
And hides her face from its joyous ray ;
As oft we turn from the friendly gaze
Of one who hath known us in happier days,
Whose presence, recalling, in colors too bright,
The remembrance of past and returnless delight,
But enhances, by contrast, the gloom of our grief,
And compels us to seek in its darkness relief,
And thus rise the days insupportably fair,
And thus dark fall the nights on that scene of despair ;
Till the smitten of God, 'neath the stroke of his ire,
Doth tremble and shrink like a scroll in the fire,
In her torture of soul, in her helpless unrest,
In the keenness of anguish that rendeth her breast,
In the morning she crieth, "Would God it were night!"
And when darkness is round her, "Would God it were light!"

To the King on his throne the sad story is told,
And his heart is stirred with the thoughts of old ;
And after the signal has fallen from heaven
Of vengeance appeased and transgression forgiven,
He removeth the bones with a kinsman's care,
And with princely pomp to their tomb afar.
But Rizpah no more to her palace returns,
No fire on her desolate hearthstone burns ;
No voice of gladness within her walls,
No footprint is heard in her lonely halls ;
But silence and gloom in her chambers reign
And the shadows of death on all remain.
Still hoping in vain her beloved ones to meet,
She wanders, unresting, with weariless feet,
From the hill where they passed from her vision away,
To the tomb where they lie in their early decay.
She hath drunk to madness the cup of despair,
And it pleaseth her frenzy to seek for them there ;
But she cannot be won to the temple of home
Now its idols are scattered, its altar o'erthrown.

THE LADY OF SHUNEM.

My heart is full of gladness ;
My cup it runneth o'er :
Though the earth be full of sadness
I shall feel its gloom no more.

For a light to me is given,
A lamp unto my path ;
Not a star that burns in heaven
A purer lustre hath.

My glory and my pride—
The idol of my heart—
The ruler of its trembling tide,
My beauteous one, thou art !

Thus sang that mother as she bent above her sleeping child,
Which, as the echoes died away, unclosed its eyes smiled ;
And deep as was the fount of love within that mother's breast,
A fount as deep and purer far those azure eyes expressed.
The mother long above him leaned, and gazed in silent bliss,
And in her spirit thanked her God for such an hour as this.
And then the present scene grew dim and faded from her view,
And forward came the future years and round her spirit drew ;
Bright Fancy spread her golden wings upon the purple air.
And all the glories of the earth arrayed in image there ;
And in that gorgeous blazonry the mother's eye could read,
Though dimly shadowed forth, the height unto her son decreed ;
And brighter grew her radiant eye and statelier grew her form,
For pride within the mother's heart was welling deep and warm.
The rosy arms around her neck in fond entwining clung,
And, gazing on the wondering child, exultingly she sung :

Thou art a gem upon my breast,
A crown upon my brow ;
To thee the princes of the East
Their haughty knees shall bow.

A glorious one upon the earth,
 Unequaled shalt thou be,
 And kings to thee shall owe their birth,
 And might and majesty.

Yet not upon earth's proudest height
 My lofty one shall rest;
 Time cannot bound thy upward flight,
 For thou 'rt a heavenly guest.

With passing years the infant grew in beauty and in strength;
 And stronger grew its mother's love, until it seemed, at length,
 As if they held a common life and breathed a common breath,
 And parting was a drearer thought and bitterer far than death.

One morning from the mother's side the father won his child,
 And led him forth into the fields where Nature sweetly smiled;
 Where gentle breezes softly swept above the waving grain,
 And healthful scents upon the air and pleasant voices came.
 It was a scene of cheerful joy the youthful heart to thrill,
 And cause to move in quicker flow the blood by time grown chill.
 Amid the flowers and fallen grain the child with rapture played,
 Or gazed in wonder at the skill that moved the reaper's blade,
 Till high in heaven the burning sun had urged his cloudless way,
 And poured from his exalted throne th' effulgent flood of day.
 Alas! the fiery influence bowed that fair and tender flower
 Whose fitter place had been that morn his mother's shady bower.
 "Father, my head!" he feebly cried, and pressed his snowy brow.
 "My child! I had forgot; thou should'st be with thy mother now."
 Then, gently raising in his arms, he kissed his darling child,
 Yet noted not the burning touch, nor glance with anguish wild.
 "Go, bear him to his mother, lad!" and quickly turned away,
 His thoughts engaged in hastening on the labors of the day.

The mother in her chamber sat—her maiden band around—
 In silent mood and thoughtful as a spell her soul had bound.
 She heeded not their laughter, though in silver tones it rung,
 Nor chid them when they wrought amiss, or played, or lowly sung;
 Her thoughts were with her idol, and her heart in sadness pined
 In absence of that loved one as a lonely bird confined;
 And, though before her window spread a prospect rich and fair,
 And odors from a thousand flowers perfumed the morning air,
 The beauty and the fragrance to her soul in vain appealed,
 For 'gainst the world external her every sense was sealed.
 "Elnathan comes, my lady! borne asleep in Abdon's arms."
 Her heart leaps up with sudden joy—no warning fear alarms.
 The servant, softly entering, sees a silent signal made,

And on the loving mother's breast the sleeping boy is laid.
Ah ! quickly notes her anxious eye the soft cheek's burning flush,
And o'er the throbbing temples the blood's tumultuous rush ;
And sudden fear assails her heart of mortal danger nigh—
Her precious boy, the gift of God—oh ! shall he, can he die ?
Then closer to her heart she holds and will not let him go,
As if her love could shield her child from life's unsparing foe.
Her soul, in speechless agony, lifts pleading hands to Heaven,
And mutely prays that God will spare the boon Himself has given.
But vain her love to shield and save, and vain her pleading prayer ;
Her nation knows no healing art—there's no physician there ;
So all, unchecked, the fierce disease has run its fatal course,
Till signs of consciousness are gone, and spent the vital force,
And by the stupor of the brain the eye is clouded o'er—
Penumbra of that dark eclipse that passes off no more.
Oh ! in that dread extremity, when human aid is vain,
When standing face-to-face with Death, on life's last battle-plain,
What, but firm trust in God, can nerve the soul to meet that hour ?
What, but imparted strength divine, can give victorious power !
The flush has faded from the cheek, the pulse, now weak and slow,
Gives warning that the precious sands of life are running low.
With covered face the mother bends to catch the labored breath,
Whose lengthening intervals announce th' approaching steps of Death,
And, as it faint and fainter grows, she holds her own to hear,
And, when the last has died away, long waits with thirsting ear,
Then, flashing wide her eyes, she sees that o'er the features pale
The dreaded angel, unperceived, has spread his ashen veil.
O'erawed, o'erwhelmed, awhile she bends in silent helplessness
Beneath the stunning blow, no sign betrays her soul's distress ;
Then, rising, calm, with purpose fixed, she mounts the lofty stairs
And to the saered " prophet's room " her precious burden bears.
A solemn sanctijy pervades the silent chamber, where
The Lord of Heaven so oft has met the holy seer in prayer.
She leaves him on the prophet's bed, and softly shuts the door,
As if " the dull, cold ear of death " could ever suffer more.
With haste she seeks her husband's side, and soothes his manly grief,
Imparting her own purpose and her hope of quick relief.
'His loving kindness gave the child to be our joy and heir,
In mercy to ourselves He gave, but through the prophet's prayer.
Methinks 'tis but to try our faith He makes this fierce assay ;
He wills to bless us yet, but in His own appointed way.
My husband, let me quickly go and seek the prophet's face,
The appointed intercessor now of Israel's favored race."
"Then go at once, my precious wife, and God be with thee still,
And grant the all thy soul's request, if such His holy will.
Make ready for the journey ; I will go without delay,
And send the meet conveyance, and protection for the way."

“Drive on, in haste, to Carmel’s mount, slack not for me thy speed ;
I seek the prophet of the Lord, and urgent is my need.”

The journey o’er, the mountain gained, she finds the prophet’s seat,
And, in the earnestness of woe, kneels humbly at his feet.

“O man of God ! thou knowest I dwelt contented with my lot ;
And, happy in my husband’s love, no other boon I sought :
But, in thy judgment, incomplete that happiness did seem,
And thou didst ask for me that gift which men most precious deem.
The gracious God omnipotent was pleased to grant thy prayer ;
And that great blessedness was mine which mothers only share.
Now tell me, O thou man of God ! would He who blessed me so
Have waked that fount of deepest joy to whelm with deepest woe ?”

“The child is dead ?” “Yea, O my Lord, and therefore am I come
To crave thy presence quickly in my desolated home.
At thy request He gave the child, and may again restore.
Oh ! haste ; and go with me at once—delay not I implore !”
At fall of eve they reach her home—her lonely darkened home,
And, with the father, seek at once, the consecrated room,
Where lies that cold and pulseless form whose silent presence thrills
The heart with strange mysterious awe, and all that mansion fills.
The prophet sees with deep concern the anguish of their hearts,
And comfort, such as may be given, his sympathy imparts.
He pities that fond love which would recall the spirit fled,
And asks that he be left alone with God and with the deed.
Awhile he tries by human means to wrest the prey from Death,
To rouse again the vital warmth and to recall the breath ;
But, failing all, his noble soul is stirred with deep distress—
The strife between his trust in God, and human tenderness.
Oh ! shall he dare, by prayer, invade the awful mystery
Beyond the veil, or ask that God revoke His own decree ?
The child has safely passed from life—his future bliss secure ;
And can he e’er depart again so safely, or so pure ?
He leaves the room, and to and fro, he treads the spacious hall ;
His soul is rising now to things beyond its mortal thrall.
Through agony intense, o’er paths before by him untrod,
He rises to that lofty plane on which he meets with God.
As Moses from the mount, he comes from that communion high,
A glorious light upon his face and rapture in his eye.
His fear is gone, for God has shown that ’tis his holy will
Another sign be given to men that God regards them still.
Now to the chamber of the dead with joyful haste he goes,
And soon, along the icy limbs the reddening life-blood flows ;
The color mounts to lip and cheek, the breathing, soft and deep,
With gentle motion heaves the chest—and death is turned to sleep !

Now call the mother, and let all that house with praise resound,
And ever let those grateful hearts with love to God abound !

ISRAEL'S REFUGE.

The people of the Lord had deeply sinned,
And God must punish them, therefore he sent
Their enemies against them, numerous
And cruel as the bands of nether hell.
Before their desolating march the land
Was green and fruitful as the garden fair
Of Eden—all behind them was a waste.
Age in their breast inspired no respect,
Weakness no pity, therefore did the spoiled
And persecuted dwellers of the soil
Forsake their homes, and in the fastnesses
Of rocks and mountains seek for dens and caves.
The voice of gladness now was hushed, the song
Of youths and maidens, and the happy laugh
Of children, heard no more. Thus did they writhe
For seven long years beneath the oppressor's lash.
They sowed their fields in vain—the enemy came
And reaped the harvest, came and swept the land
Till naught of sustenance was left for man
Or beast. Their flocks and herds were taken away,
Their spirits crushed, their lives in jeopardy;
And Israel, weak in number, had no power
To stay the tide of ruin which thus swept,
Like a fierce lava-flood, across the land.
But, in their weakness, they remembered then
Where lay their strength, and turning to their God,
With penitential sorrow for their sins,
They prayed for help, and He, the pitiful,
Who in His wrath remembereth mercy still,
Heard and delivered them.

ELIAB.

God had rejected Saul, and Samuel stood
Before the people with the holy oil,
To anoint, at his command, another king.
He knew not yet, nor did the people know
The brow for consecration set apart,
For the election was of God; but, there,
By Shiloh's altar, calm in perfect faith,
He stood awaiting orders from his God.
Bid thy seven sons to pass in order now,
He said to Jesse, and the sire obeyed.
Eliab stood before him, and a thrill
Of admiration swept that concourse vast
And burst from every lip. Who shall describe
That proud and peerless form? Can words convey
Unto the mind impression adequate
Of a perfection which it ne'er hath seen?
The grace of youth, the strength of manhood's prime,
The dignity of age, all radiant with
The flash of intellect, were so combinéd
That light and bright and beautiful he seemed
As morn upon the mountains, yet as firm
And as self-centred in his conscious strength
As the deep-seated and perpetual hills.
Such form, in after years, to poet's dream
Or sculptor's hand gave model of a god.
Suspense was ended. Even the prophet stern,
The judge impartial, whose unsparing hand
And pitiless sword had hacked the delicate limbs
Of royal Agag, even he exclaimed:
"Surely the Lord's anointed I behold!"
And every heart in that assembly vast
Assented; but Jehovah's answer came
Rebukeful, unequivocal, and stern:
"God seeth not as man, for man alone
Beholds the outward seeming, but the Lord
Scans the deep heart."

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Hushed is the voice of mirth, and silent hang
The instruments of music in the halls
Of Judah's monarch. The anointed one
Lies low, and sadness fills the nation's hearts.

In the apartment of the suffering King,
The light falls dimly on the weary eyes
Of the pale watchers, and the hush of death
Pervades the spacious chamber; slumber soft
Has fallen upon the invalid, and hope
Once more arises in the anxious hearts
Of the devoted ones who wait around.

Breaking the painful stillness of the hour,
A sound of footsteps near—a measured tread
Of solemn dignity arrests the ear,
And turning toward the portal, they behold
A form of more than regal majesty
In prophet garb. With trembling awe they gaze,
For well they know the messenger of God,
And dread the import of his embassy.
O'er his capacious brow, where pure and high
And holy thought has made itself a throne,
A shadow passes, but unfalteringly
He executes the mandate of his God.

Approaching to the bedside of the king,
He lays his hand upon the royal brow,
And, suddenly, awakening from his sleep
With fearful start, the almost dying king
Turns his fast-dimming eyes, and faintly smiles.

“ I know thee, son of Amoz! thou art come
With words of consolation from thy God.”
“ To bring thee friendly warning, am I come,
O king! Thy days are numbered—they are spent.
Set, now, thy house in order, and prepare
To stand before thy God !” Covering his face,
And turning to the wall, the king remained
Silent, until the prophet, gathering up

His mantle, went his way ; then from those lips,
Cold with the chill of death, burst forth a prayer
Importunate unto the Lord of life :

“ Remember now, I pray thee, O my God !
How I have walked before thy holy face
In truth and righteousness ; and now, I fain
Would live to serve thee still, and to behold
Thy face among the living, and to see
My fellow-men.” And Hezekiah urged
His prayer with many tears, and Mercy heard,
Before the prophet had repassed the gate,
The word of God arrested him, and said :
“ Go back, and to the leader of my people, say :
Thy prayer is heard ; and God is pleased to add
Unto the measure of thy years fifteen ;
For thou hast served me faithfully, and I
Delight to do thee honor ; yet three days,
And in my temple thou again shalt see
My face as wont, and thou shalt also see,
Even thou, the blessing that thy soul doth love—
Jerusalem at peace and prosperous.”

Incredulous, the king
Received the joyful message, and replied :
“ Let not thy kindness prompt thee to deceive,
O man of God ! nor think, with feigned words
Of comfort, to beguile a dying man.”

“ The words are true, O king ! ” the seer replied,
“ And from the Lord of Hosts ; Himself will give
A sign, confirmatory of His word.”
And then Isaiah prayed unto his God
With earnest faith ; and, condescending still,
He gave the sign required—the shadow turned
Backward by ten degrees upon the dial
Of Ahaz, and the king was satisfied.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

In my Father's house above,
Many homes of peace and love,
Fairer than a dream of bliss,
Wait you when ye pass from this.

Wandering here in grief and pain,
Though ye seek My face in vain,
Murmur not, the time is brief,
I will come and bring relief.

Ye who still My words have kept,
By the tears that ye have wept,
By the toilsome labors done,
By the wounds in conflict won,
You have shown your love to Me—
Where I am there ye shall be.

Sweetly shall the weary rest
In those mansions fair and blest,
And My Father's hand of love
Every sign of grief remove,
Till the faded, careworn face
Kindle with an angel's grace.

While on earth thy home is found,
To that spot thy heart is bound,
And its mighty spell hath power
O'er thy soul in death's dark hour,

Yet is this a fading type
Time shall from his canvass wipe,
And thy heart's unchanging love
Be transferred to that above.

In My Father's presence, there,
Thou My heritage shall share;
Blessedness unknown shall be
Thine to all eternity.

THE SINKING DISCIPLE.

I am sinking, Jesus! sinking—
Sinking in the waters deep!
Roused my spirit, naked, shrinking,
Winds from every quarter sweep!

Thou, Who on the wave unyielding,
Kindly bidst me come to Thee,
Let Thy hand, upholding, shielding,
Lead me o'er this dangerous sea!

Save me! or I perish quickly!
For the winds are stronger still,
And the clouds are gathering thickly,
And the waters, dark and chill.

Pitying Saviour! can'st thou leave me?
Canst Thou scorn my earnest prayer?
Oh! within Thy arms receive me!
Give me rest and safety there!

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Not where the festal lamps are bright,
And garlands wreath the bowl;
Where song and dance their spells unite
To ensnare the wildered soul;
Not in the halls of regal state,
Where haughty nobles meet;
Not in the bowers where pleasures wait,
Are the traces of His feet.

But where the mourner bends in woe
Beside the dying bed;
And where, unseen, in bitter flow,
The orphan's tears are shed;
And by the widow's lonely hearth,
And in the poor man's home,
We find, in the lowlier paths of earth,
Where He was wont to roam.

And we must go where Jesus leads
If we His bliss would share;
And glory to perform His deeds,
Nor shrink His cross to bear.
And while we keep that hallowed way,
By our Redeemer trod,
Upon our steps a living ray
Beams from the throne of God.

And, from afar, in vision bright,
The eye of Faith may see
The pilgrims gone, arrayed in white,
And crowned with victory:
And 'midst them, in diviner sheen,
The Lamb that led them there,
Whose name, upon their brows serene,
In flaming lines they bear.

For still, through all the mists of time,
They shine as when, at first,
That scene of glory all divine
On prophet's vision burst;

And still that heavenly voice is heard
That bids us know the throng,
And why they stand so near the Lord,
And sing the conqueror's song.

“ Because they made His love their choice,
And followed where He led,
And turned aside from Pleasure's voice,
And earthly glory fled;
Therefore, the Lamb amidst them dwells,
And wipes their tears away;
Therefore, their song, triumphant, swells
Through Heaven's eternal day.”

PEACE.

When stormy winds in wrath came down
From hills of Galilee,
And wildly tossed the little bark
Upon the heaving sea;

With struggling hard 'gainst winds and waves,
When stalwart arms had failed,
And still more dread the danger grew,
Till strongest hearts had quailed;

Unconscious of the raging storm,
The world's Redeemer slept—
Unconscious of the wild dismay
That o'er their spirits swept,

Till roused by those despairing men,
Who all, with one accord,
Broke forth in agonizing cry,
“Save, or we perish, Lord!”

Then woke that pitying heart, then rose
That calm, majestic form;
And, with one whispered word, rebuked
The demons of the storm.

“Peace!” and the warring winds were hushed,
The chafing waves at rest,
And quiet lay the storm-worn bark
Upon the lake's dark breast.

And human souls, temptation-tossed
On Passion's raging sea,
Have sent that thrilling cry to Heaven,
In earnest agony;

And from that voice divine have heard
The potent whisper, “Peace!”
And felt, alike, temptation's winds
And waves of passion cease.

When He who came, from sin's dark thrall,
Earth's prisoners to release—
Heaven's crowning gift to mortal man—
His herald-cry was "Peace!"

And when, His mission here fulfilled,
He sought His Father's throne,
With Heaven's rich treasury at command,
What did He give His own?

"Not as the world give I to you;
Not gifts with earth that cease:
My little flock, My chosen few,
I leave with you My peace."

The peace man understandeth not,
Which all his spirit fills;
Which bears him, in serene content,
Above life's thousand ills;

The peace of God! how great that peace
Himself alone can know;
But, yet, how rich and full the gift
He would on us bestow!

My people! would, oh! would that ye
Had kept My precepts ever!
Then had your peace, in constant flow,
Been like a widening river.

O, HIGH AND LOFTY ONE.

Oh, High and Lofty One !
I seek Thy face,
Thou that inhabitest
Eternity !

Whose dwelling is the high and holy place—
Look down on me !

Thou who, when man was lost,
And help was none,
Did'st look with pitying love ;
And from Thy throne
Did'st to our rescue send Thine only son—
Save now Thine own !

A prodigal afar,
I cease to roam ;
Weary of wandering—
With empty hands
And yearning, contrite heart, I seek that home,
Which waiting stands.

In outer darkness here
I see the light,
The warmth, the gladness of
That mansion fair ;
And groping for the way amid the night,
Almost despair.

O, gracious Lord, alone
I cannot come—
Help, Thou ! Thy spirit send
My steps to guide,
That I may safely reach my heavenly home,
And there abide !

WITH THEE.

When friends, to whom we clung, forsake ;
When writhes the heart that will not break,
How sweet it were to sleep, and wake
In Heaven, O, God, with Thee !

When sorrow's cloud o'erspreads our sky ;
When hopes and joys all withering lie,
How fondly turns the weary eye
To seek for rest in Thee !

When fierce beset with wrath and strife ;
When foes arise to seek our life,
Along the path, with dangers rife,
We safely walk with Thee !

O, God ! Our hope, our light, our all !
Be Thou our friend, whate'er befall !
Through all life's scenes, for help we call
On Thee—alone, on Thee !

PSALM XXVII: 1, 6.

The Lord my darkness doth dispel,
And save my soul from death and hell—
Where is the foe, that I shall fear ?
The Lord, my strength is ever near.

Oft, when in fiercest wrath they rose,
His hand preserved me from my foes—
Against me now, should hosts engage,
My heart shall calmly meet their rage.

One thing alone do I desire—
This will I earnestly require ;
Within His holy house to dwell,
And join His lofty praise to swell.

And when the storms of trouble rise,
I'll seek my dwelling in the skies ;
Then, with my feet upon the rock,
Unmoved I'll meet the strongest shock.

And now, I'll boldly lift my head,
And shout, because my fears are fled ;
With joy my sacrifice I'll bring,
And loud my Saviour's praise I'll sing.

PSALM LXIII.

Almighty Lord ! my God Thou art,
And I would come to Thee !
With thirsty soul and weary heart,
I seek Thee earnestly.

I fain would find that holy place,
Where Thou hast made Thy throne ;
I long to see Thy glorious face,
And know, as I am known.

Thy wondrous love, than life more dear,
With joyful lips I'll praise—
And ever, while I wander here,
My songs to Thee I'll raise.

Amidst the silence of the night
My soul remembers Thee ;
And meditates, with deep delight,
Upon Thy love to me.

Thou still hast my salvation been ;
And now, with solemn voice,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
Aloud will I rejoice.

PSALM XCVI.

Oh, break thy silence, Earth, and sing
Unto the Lord, most high!
Let all thy countless voices ring,
And echo through the sky!

His fearful and most glorious name,
In lofty strains adore!
His goodness and His truth proclaim
His majesty and power.

Sing praise to Him who dwelt alone
Amidst infinity,
And gathered worlds around his throne,
A glorious company!

Lift up thy voice, O ! favored Earth !
With all the sons of God !
The morning-stars that sang thy birth
Still shout their joys abroad.

And hast thou not a song to sing,
A shout of praise to send?
Oh, come ! thy solemn offering bring !
Thy voice with angels' blend !

Come, in the light of holiness,
And bow before His face ;
With gladness join His name to bless,
And magnify His grace !

Give honor to the glorious King
Who fills the Eternal throne ;
His true and righteous judgment sing,
His sovereign power make known !

Oh ! let the heaven of heavens rejoice,
And let the earth be glad !
Let none be found with silent voice,
Of creatures God has made !

For lo ! unto His judgment-seat
The righteous King shall come—
And worlds, assembled at His feet,
Receive their final doom.

Then shall His foes His power confess,
And hell's dark warfare cease ;
Then shall the reign of righteousness
Dispense the fruit of peace.

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

Psalm cxxxix.

O Lord ! Thine eyes have pierced my soul,
And searched its darkness through,
And all my thoughts, though deep they roll,
Are open to Thy view.

Thou art upon my left, my right,
Observing all my ways ;
My spirit shrinks before Thy sight,
But cannot shun Thy gaze.

Such knowledge is above my thought ;
I cannot reach its height :
Where shall I go that Thou art not ?
How fly the Infinite ?

If in the heavens I seek to hide,
Behold ! I find Thee there ;
And hell's dark regions, deep and wide,
Before Thy sight are bare !

Or if before the morning light
My spirit now could flee,
Amid the gloom beyond its flight
I still should be with Thee.

Yes, for the heights and depths are Thine,
The creatures of Thy power,
And by Thy word the light doth shine,
Or midnight darkness lower.

Then let Thy favor be my shield,
Thy spirit be my guide ;
And every fear to joy shall yield
That nought from Thee can hide.

PSALM CXLIII.

O God ! behold my woful state :
 My heart a desert made,
My soul with darkness overwhelmed,
 My life in ruins laid !

I sadly muse on other days,
 Now fading in the gloom,
When joy this pulseless heart could thrill,
 And hope my soul illume.

To Thee I stretch my weary hands,
 I thirst, I pant for Thee ;
My spirit faints—oh ! speedily
 Return, my God, to me !

In mercy come, in faithful love ;
 Judge not by law severe,
For in Thy holy sight shall none
 So justified appear.

Oh ! let me hear Thy pardoning voice !
 Oh ! let me lean on Thee !
Be Thou from foes, from ills, from sin,
 A hiding-place for me !

Thy Holy Spirit be my guide,
 Thy righteous will my own ;
So I may tread that path of peace
 That leadeth to thy throne.

PSALM CXLIX.

Redeemed of God ! arise and sing
The praises of your Lord !
In Jesus Christ, your glorious King,
Rejoice with one accord !

Sing praises ! for He loves to hear
The voices of His saints,
And ever bends a listening ear
To all your sad complaints.

Praise Him ! because for you He lives ;
For you He bled and died ;
To you eternal life He gives,
And bids you to His side.

Let not your glory be concealed,
For it is not your own ;
The light must be to all revealed
Which He to few hath shown.

The powers of darkness will arise,
And strive to quench that light,
But he who on our God relies
Will conquer in the fight.

Then shout aloud, that all may learn
The greatness of His love ;
That all the wanderers may return,
Our Saviour's grace to prove !

Oh ! let His praise, in lofty strains,
Resound through all our host !
Sing ! for the Lord His cause sustains—
His battles can't be lost !

His sword, with double edge, has power
No creature can oppose ;
And he who wields that blade aright
Will conquer as he goes.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

I.

On broad Pacific's eastern shore
An Indian warrior stood—
The blade and battle-axe he bore
Were freshly stained with blood.

II.

A rocky cliff behind him rose,
The waters laved his feet ;
And, homeward bound, his victor foes
Drew near this last retreat.

III.

The maddening sounds of deadly strife
Still lingered in his ear ;
A red sea, strewn with wrecks of life,
Swept round in vision drear.

IV.

Alone he stood—on earth no place,
No kindred blood he knew ;
In him his famed and fated race
Would pass from mortal view.

V.

For ages long, in conquering march,
Had seen them fade away,
As shadows melt from Heaven's blue arch,
Before the advancing day.

VI.

Till, few and faint, they rested there,
Along the western sea ;
No hope to light their sad despair,
Of better days to be.

VII.

And now, again, the wrath that slept
Had waked and grasped the brand,
And fire and sword had fiercely swept
Across their fated land,

VIII.

Till all were gone. Few hours had passed,
Since, with a gallant few,
The hope forlorn, the remnant last
Of thousands tried and true.

IX.

He sought the battle-field, where lay
The still insatiate foe ;
And desperate deeds were marked that day
Upon the rolls of woe.

X.

But when the conflict fiercest raged,
And victory doubtful hung ;
When hand to hand the hosts engaged,
And loud the war-whoop rung ;

XI.

Came one, with cheek as ashes pale,
Unto the chieftain's side,
And bade him pause and hear a tale
To stay his heart's wild tide.

XII.

Scarce had the armed warrior train,
Which passed their gates that morn,
With hasty march swept o'er the plain,
And crossed the horizon's bourne,

XIII.

When on their hapless village fell
A fierce and hostile band,
Remorseless as the fiends of hell,
And rude and strong of hand.

XIV.

They came, as avalanche on the vale,
 In ruin's fearful hour ;
 Nor aged men, nor women frail,
 Nor children 'scaped their power.

XV.

Words may not paint the desperate strife,
 Nor how the vanquished died,
 Maintaining still, in parting life,
 Their stern, defiant pride.

XVI.

Enough, that all of Indian blood
 Were on the field that day,
 And nought but ashes marked the place
 Where all their treasures lay.

XVII.

Loud rose the cry for vengeance then,
 And wilder grew the strife ;
 They fought, those brave, despairing men,
 As reckless now of life.

XVIII.

And when the sun went down he saw
 The unequal combat closed ;
 While calmly, on the crimson earth,
 Each dusky form reposed.

XIX.

By stunning, but not mortal, wound
 O'erthrown, the chief had lain,
 Until the waning moon looked down
 Upon the battle-plain.

XX.

Then dreary consciousness awoke,
 And, cold and stiff with blood,
 With pain, he rose, and there alone
 Amongst the dead he stood.

XXI.

Beneath his folded arms his heart,
With speechless anguish, thrilled;
With awe, and horror, and amaze,
His helpless soul was filled.

XXII.

Then up and down, with weary step,
He passed among the slain,
And saw and knew each ghastly face
Upon the bloody plain.

XXIII.

With one deep sigh he left the field,
And sought his ruined hearth;
One handful of its ashes took,
And went, a wanderer, forth.

XXIV.

'Twas instinct led him to the shore—
Despair no purpose knows—
But, urged by Nature's primal law,
He fled before his foes.

XXV.

As stands some thunder-blasted pine,
All quivering from the stroke,
The red bolt's track yet hot within,
But still its pride unbroke,

XXVI.

So, for a few brief moments, there
The haughty warrior stood,
Ere the stern calmness of despair
Gave place to softer mood.

XXVII.

The rocky cliff behind him rose,
The waters laved his feet;
And, homeward-bound, his victor foes
Drew near this last retreat.

XXVIII.

Upon the breeze a sound is borne,
 A murmur long and deep;
 As when the forest leaves are stirred
 Beneath the wind's full sweep.

XXIX.

“They come,” he whispered, “I must go;
 Farewell! my father's land!”
 He kissed the rock: his light canoe
 Lay beating on the strand.

XXX.

One moment, and the frail bark speeds
 Across the waveless blue;
 Unseen, the fading shore recedes,
 Till almost lost to view.

XXXI.

At length the warrior's weary hand
 The measured stroke suspends,
 And, turning on the distant land,
 His straining sight he bends.

XXXII.

Long time he gazed, while o'er his soul
 An age of memory swept—
 A bitter flood beyond control—
 And that stern chieftain wept.

XXXIII.

That beautiful, that glorious land,
 His fathers claimed of yore,
 Held by a strong, relentless hand,
 Could be his home no more.

XXXIV.

An exile on the dreary waste,
 In endless banishment,
 No darker cup of bitterer taste
 Could life to him present.

XXXV.

He felt around him close the gloom
 That wrought his nation's shroud,
 And to his dark, resistless doom
 In sad submission bowed.

XXXVI.

With low-drooped head and covered face,
 He drifted heedless on ;
 And when again he raised his eyes,
 'Twas in a world unknown.

XXXVII.

For he had passed, unseen, the gates
 That bar the mystic west ;
 And round him lay that spirit land
 His father's dreams had blessed.

XXXVIII.

No glorious flood of golden light
 In dazzling radiance fell ;
 No gloomy shades like earthly night
 Upon that land did dwell.

XXXIX.

But light and darkness, blending soft,
 Mysterious twilight threw,
 And starless skies which hung aloft
 Wore that same shadowy hue.

XL.

A mystery of life seemed there,
 Pervading all around—
 A spirit in the balmy air,
 A soul in every sound.

XLI.

The streams, with living murmurs, passed
 In gladness on their way ;
 No shadows on their surface cast,
 As by an earthly day.

XLII.

And flow'rets fair, like gems, were strown
 Along the mossy banks,
 While music, like the wind-harp's tone,
 Swept softly through their ranks.

XLIII.

At first, his anguished heart refused
 That scene's deep calm to feel;
 Till, like a lullaby, it stole,
 With power to soothe and heal.

XLIV.

Then, thirsting, soon he found a spring,
 An oak tree's roots enframed;
 He drank, and knew the fount on earth,
 In prescient dreams long famed.

XLV.

In every pulse he felt the thrill,
 The bounding dance of youth;
 His weary arm regained its strength,
 His failing sight its truth.

XLVI.

Then found he that, beneath the ranks
 Of proud, sky-mingling trees,
 He lightly passed, with airy step,
 As borne on mountain breeze.

XLVII.

Elated more, but wondering not,
 Enrapt, but all attent,
 He saw, from far, a lofty plain,
 With stately trees besprent.

XLVIII.

And, by a strange attraction drawn,
 He thither bent his way,
 While, all along, the wild deer came
 Around his steps to play.

XLIX.

A glorious haze enwraps the height,
 But shadowy forms he sees,
 And music, breathing of delight,
 Is borne on every breeze.

L.

Now near that blissful eminence
 With quivering heart he stands,
 For friends and kindred there he sees
 Wait with extended hands.

LI.

His warriors, too, so late who fell
 In battle by his side,
 Now, mingling in the dance, appear,
 With youthful joy and pride.

LII.

But here his course is barred, for, lo !
 A river, deep and wide
 And dark and chill, before him sweeps,
 With swift but noiseless tide.

LIII.

He sees a stately form advance,
 He hears his father's voice—
 Obscurely hears, as in a trance,
 " My brothers, brave, rejoice !

L.IV.

"Rejoice ! for the last of our race has come !
 Fulfilled is the Red Man's doom !
 Here planted, he never shall hence be torn,
 To give the Pale Face room !

LV.

"Thou art welcome, my son, to the land of rest !
 Thy duty was nobly done ;
 There's a home for thee with thy loved ones blest,
 And peace, which thy valor has won.

LVI.

“Here never the battle-storm shall sweep,
 Or the torrent of blood o'erflow;
 Here never shall women or children weep
 For the home or the brave laid low.

LVII.

“One shock, and the chill of the water is o'er;
 One pang, and thy pains are done.
 Strong heart, be undaunted! plunge boldly and come,
 I am waiting thee, O, my son !”

LVIII.

He boldly plunged and, shivering, woke;
 Alas! the dream had fled;
 There lay the sea, there hung the sky,
 With sunset glory red.

LIX.

But vanished was the blissful land
 His steps had almost won,
 And hushed the dear familiar voice
 That cried, “Come, O, my son !”

LX.

More thirsty from this false mirage,
 His heart, so wrung before,
 So crushed and bleeding, could not bear
 This disappointment sore.

LXI.

Uprising in his frail canoe,
 With outstretched hands he stood:
 “My father! at thy word I come !”
 And leaped into the flood.

THE OFFICER'S DREAM.

Through the broad, fair streets of a city unknown,
His wondering troops he led;
While the ringing of golden pavements met
The soldiers' weary tread.

In marvelous grandeur on either hand
Rose palaces pure and fair;
Too lofty and vast for a city of earth,
Too strong for a city of air.

A strange elation possessed his soul;
And, with novel and pleased amaze,
He lifted his eyes to those palaces high
With a long and yearning gaze.

Why deepens the flush on the warrior's cheek!
Why flashes his earnest eye!
Oh! what, in that city unknown, can thrill
His soul with such ecstacy!

There stood his young wife, in her delicate grace,
Looking down with her love-beaming eye,
With an angel light on her beautiful face—
Approachless although so nigh.

So pure in her vesture of white she seemed
That he gazed with adoring love,
And a strange deep awe, as if, passed from his life,
She belonged to the city above.

With a reverent grace that Book she held
Whose glory no time can dim,
And, with mute appeal in her tender gaze,
She turned the page to him.

Ah! deeply impressed was the warrior's heart!
And when vanished the dream away,
Its hallowing influence held him back
Whenever his steps would stray.

And, when the fair wife, in her beautiful youth,
From the home of her earthly love,
Still grasping the Word of immutable truth,
Had passed to the city above,

He cherished the hope that fondly she still
Looked down with her love-beaming eyes;
And, with mute appeal in her tender gaze,
Would lure him to the skies.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

1.

In the beauteous light of the vernal morn,
Mid the perfume sweet of the flowers new born,
A maiden stood with a face as fair
And a heart as light as the sunlit air.

2.

Around her were gathered, in rich array,
The floral spoils of climes away;
And the hues of beauty and forms of grace
Were matched by the maiden's form and face.

3.

She gazed on the flowers with earnest love,
With adoring eyes she glanced above,
And the beaming smile and the sparkling tear
Were like sunbeams flashed from a burnished spear.

4.

The depths of her nature were lightly stirred,
As the leaves of the rose by the nestling bird.
She said, "I will choose me to bind my hair
An emblem flower through life to wear."

5.

She gathered the Myrtle, and twined a wreath,
With a throbbing heart and a trembling breath
She placed it her own fair brow above,
And whispered, "Oh, sweet is the crown of love!"

6.

With a tender smile and a gush of song,
She glided the shadowy walks along,
Till she stood by a Laurel whose foliage bright,
Glittered like waves in the moonbeam's light.

7.

Once more a chaplet is quickly bound,
And the snowy temples again are crowned,
The Myrtle gives place to the wreath of fame
And proudly flash the dark eyes of flame.

8.

“ ‘Tis a glorious crown,” she whispered low,
 And oft has it rested on woman’s brow ;
 But it carries the doom of a blighted heart,
 And sorrow is aye of its joy a part.

9.

“ Then let it be bound on the manly brow,
 For its scatters no blight his soul to bow ;
 And the Myrtle be woman’s more fitting dower,
 Whose leaflets distill a healing shower.

10.

“ But is it, indeed, a fadeless wreath ?
 Does it shed no poisonous drops beneath ?
 Does it flourish unharmed by the spoiler’s breath ?
 Is it never wedded to sorrow, or death ?”

11.

Thus, wavering, held she the symbols bright—
 Of fame in her left hand, of love in her right—
 And seemed to be earnestly weighing their worth,
 With a look half serious and half of mirth.

12.

A shadow fell over the bright young face,
 Imparting a touch of celestial grace,
 As the shadow that falls from an angel’s wing,
 Which you feel, as you gaze, is a holy thing.

13.

“ There is yet a crown she softly saith,
 That is consecrate to a holier faith—
 A garland that symbols a perishless hope,
 Of loftiest aim and unlimited scope.

14.

“ Of the Passion-flower I’ll twine my wreath,
 With its sad insignia of pain and death :
 Let the grace and the glory it symbols be mine,
 And the pleasures that perish I gladly resign.”

“HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.”

A SCENE IN INDIA.

The midnight moon looked sadly down
Where, through the palm trees' shade,
The white walls of a lonely hut
Her glancing light betrayed.

Fair was the scene around; within
One taper dimly burned,
And gloom and silence fitly met
Where love in anguish mourned.

And zephyrs through the chamber played
As soft as angel's breath,
And lightly stirred the drapery white
Upon the couch of death.

There lay, in manhood's glorious prime,
The fair, symmetric form
Which, dauntless in the cause of God,
Had breasted wave and storm.

But now the hand that bore the cross
Was folded on his breast;
The burning lips that spoke of heaven
Were closed in endless rest.

And o'er him bowed the wife, whose heart
Long with despair had striven;
As droops the flower beneath the oak
Which lightning's flash hath riven.

Wild chaos whelmed her as she lay
In helpless agony;
“My God, my God! oh, why,” she cried,
“Hast thou forsaken me?”

A voice is heard, where sits remote,
An humble, dusky form,
Whose eyes are dim with falling tears—
Whose heart with love beats warm:

"My lady! I have heard thee read
 From out the Holy Word,
 That light shall rise in darkest night
 To them that fear the Lord;

"And, as a father chasteneth
 The children of his love,
 So, not in wrath, but tenderness,
 He smites them from above."

Sweet words of cheer! as balm they fall
 Upon that stricken soul;
 And through the closed and trembling lids
 The gushing tear-drops roll.

"Oh! I have sinned in murmuring thus!
 But chide not thou, my friend—
 Thy heart is kind, but cannot feel
 The pangs my bosom rend."

"My lady! when this aged heart
 Was warm with blood of youth,
 I laid it on an idol's shrine
 In purity and truth.

"But when three years of tranquil joy,
 As bright as brief, had fled,
 One night, like this, they came to me
 And said, 'thy lord is dead.'

"O lady! at those fearful words
 A dagger pierced my heart,
 And waves of fire swept o'er my brain,
 But thought would not depart.

"All through that long and fearful night
 I called my love in vain;
 And still that wild and bitter thought
 Replied, 'Thy love is slain.'

"*Thou* canst not know the bitterness
 That overflowed *my* cup,
 For I had none to whisper peace
 Or bid my heart look up.

“ The word of life, which thou hast known
From earliest infancy—
The word, which had so long been sent,
Had never come to me.

“ And when I turned, in speechless woe,
From where my sun had set,
No bow of promise on the cloud
My aching vision met.

“ If I could only say, as thou,
I know my love is blest,
I could not weep to think that he
Had early gone to rest.”

She ceased. The mourner raised her head,
And wiped her tears away;
“ My God,” she said, “ I kiss Thy hand,
Though all my hopes Thou slay.

“ Though dark seems every path below
And dark the heavens above,
Though what Thou doest I know not now,
I still will trust Thy love.”

CARE FOR YOUR MINISTER.

The bells rang out on holy day,
God's call to man : " Come weep and pray ;
 Nor seek my face in vain ! "
They gathered there, the rich and gay ;
They filled His courts with proud array :
 They joined the holy strain.

A pale, meek man before them stood ;
He urged them by redeeming blood,
 To flee the wrath divine ;
The weight of souls his heart oppressed ;
He bore them on his priestly breast,
 In agony sublime.

From day to day, before the throne,
Their heavy needs his prayers had borne,
 But they had still delayed :
And now the Summer's moon had come,
In whose dread sky the sword of doom
 Its threatening edge displayed.

Oh, will they wait the harvest past !
And shall they die unsaved at last !
 " Oh, turn ! why will ye die ! "
His soul is thrilled with strong desire ;
His lips are touched with hallowed fire ;
 They feel the warning cry.

But ere another Sabbath rise,
To healing founts and milder skies,
 That eager throng will fly :
In changing scenes and festive halls,
Where Pleasure's fairy footstep falls,
 Their solemn thoughts will die.

And he who stands before you now—
Though fervor beams from eye and brow,
 A worn and weary man,
When from disease and death *ye* fly—
Shall *he* be left at home to die ?
 O, save him while *ye* can !

Weeks pass, and Autumn's breezes come ;
Each Summer-wanderer seeks his home,
With health in every vein ;
The Sabbath bells are cheerly rung,
The Sabbath hymns are sweetly sung,
And prayer is heard again.

But wonder fills each gazer's heart,
And sudden fears up wildly start,
When, in the sacred place,
Where one, endeared by friendship's ties,
So oft before had filled their eyes,
Appears a stranger's face.

Ah ! briefly is the story told :
A failing watch by feeble fold—
The shepherd's faithful part ;
A form at rest beneath the sod ;
A spirit glorified with God ;
A widowed, breaking heart.

TO A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

I.

O, youthful soldier of the Cross !
The eyes that gaze on thee
Are filled with half prophetic tears,
Through which we dimly see.

II.

'Tis not for earth's vain hopes resigned ;
Its honors self-denied—
'Tis not that love's and friendship's ties
Thy soul has cast aside ;

III.

For He, whose spirit bids thee go,
Has pledged His sacred word
To compensate the utmost loss
For His dear sake incurred.

IV.

Then, wherefore should our hearts be sad,
Or fears with hope contend !
Why should we view the course with dread,
Which must in glory end !

V.

Oh ! can it be the fear that thou
May'st not have counted well
That warfare's cost, or spurnest now
The foes thou canst not quell ?

VI.

We know that youthful ardor dies,
And sanguine hopes decay—
And still life's dark realities
Beset our troubled way.

VII.

And faith will sometimes loose its hold
On things we cannot see;
And martyr-zeal grow faint and cold,
And hero-courage flee.

VIII.

But shall we, therefore, fear that thou,
So full of hope and youth,
With holy purpose on thy brow,
And spirit mailed in truth—

IX.

That thou canst throw thy weapons down
Before the fight be done?
That thou canst faint and lose the crown
Before the race be run?

X.

Forbid it, Heaven! The unworthy thought,
I spurn it from my breast!
God speed thee on thy chosen way,
And crown with labors blest!

THE EARLY CALLED.

I feel the breath of the angel Death
Upon my cheek and brow;
And the icy thrill of his fingers chill
Pervades my bosom now.

The silver chain he is rending in twain,
For he came to set me free;
And his gentle voice now whispers "Rejoice!
I have come to the earth for thee.

"For the paths below are dark with woe,
And the mighty fall therein;
And I feared for thee that thy soul might be
O'ercome in the strife with sin.

"And thy Father above hath sent, in His love,
To call thee to His home,
Where pain and woe thou wilt never know,
And evil cannot come."

Thus ever I hear him whispering near,
And it cheers me through the gloom,
And I walk in the light of his footsteps bright
Through the portals of the tomb.

MEMORIES.

Oh, from the unfathomable past
How swift the waters gush !
Times' refluent billows bow my soul
In their tumultuous rush ;
And every wave brings back a form,
Or voice, or look, or tone,
Or something it had borne away
Of what was once my own.

This little flower, that by the stream,
In lonely beauty dwells,
Has touched a spring of magic power
In memory's mystic cells ;
And once again I seem to stand
Beneath a distant sky,
With one whose voice was aye to me
A heavenly melody.

And hand in hand we walk amid
The scenes long passed away,
And pluck again the flowers which erst
Along our pathway lay ;
While gentle smiles and words of love
The hearts of each reveal,
And childhood's hopes, that glow within,
The founts of thought unseal.

And who art thou whose spirit holds
This commune with my own ?
Do loving ones around thee throng ?
Or dwells thy heart alone ?
A stranger-pilgrim, dost thou seek
The glory of the skies ?
Or, with the angels round the throne,
Already share the prize ?

Or, it may be, a darker thought
Has o'er my spirit come ;
Thy soul may track that wandering way
That leadeth to no home !

Oh ! wherefore came this thought of dread ?
It shall not rest with me ;
Bright was the dawning of thy life,
And bright its day must be.

And whether with the flowers of earth,
Or 'mong the stars of heaven,
The memory of thy love to me
Comes like the dews of even.
It brings a soft, refreshing joy,
Which all my spirit fills—
A blissful tenderness, whose power
My heart with rapture thrills.

The memory of the spirits pure,
Who throng the path of life,
Sustains the soul and nerves the heart
To bear its constant strife ;
For though we may not, hand in hand,
With them our way pursue,
We know that we shall meet at last
The faithful and the true.

REFLECTIONS OF A DISENCHANTED BELLE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS L. L.

It is long since then, but the time has been,
When life was a gay and festive scene,
And I trod its halls with a step as free
As the breeze that sweeps o'er a flowery lea.

The flowers are faded, the music flown,
The revelers each on his way hath gone ;
Many, aye, many, shall meet no more,
And none shall meet as they met of yore.

Then life grew earnest and dark and sad,
And it offered no pleasure could make me glad ;
I walked in the shadow, and loved the gloom,
And buried my heart in a living tomb.

For the world was false, and life was vain,
And the heart's best feelings its source of pain,
And the soul's great wants were beginning to press,
And it withered and pined in its emptiness.

But the heart lived on, and the soul awoke,
And a holy light through the darkness broke,
Revealing a glory unseen before,
In the life that endures when death is o'er.

And now, through the mingling shade and sheen,
I tread the green earth with a brow serene ;
And it irks me not that its pleasures are vain,
And followed so quickly by sorrow and pain.

For I know of a world, beyond the tomb,
Where the cheek is fresh with immortal bloom—
Where hope is answered, and love is blest,
And the aching heart has eternal rest.

A REPLY.

Thou woulds't " rather be a spider than a flower or a star !"
Art thou man or art thou devil whose these words unhallowed are ?
Thou wouldst rather be a terror than a fair and gentle thing,
And instead of light and sweetness, thou wouldst bear for all a sting !

Thou hast chosen most unwisely, and a bitter doom is thine ;
Ever vainly on thy pathway shall the heavenly glory shine ;
Thou must dwell 'mid desolation, with a fountain in thy breast,
Whose dark venom, ever gushing, shall forbid thee to be blest !

The flower with its beauty shall adorn its mother Earth,
And its grateful incense offer to the God who gave it birth,
Till, fulfilling its sweet mission, it shall meekly bow its head,
And resign its brief existence to repose among the dead.

And the star shall walk in glory on the holy verge of Heaven,
And mighty things, unspeakable, shall to its view be given ;
And its light shall be a beacon to the wanderer below,
To guide his spirit upward from the gloomy vale of woe.

But thou, who mights't inherit the glory of the sky,
And live for aye in blessedness, in misery shalt die,
If thou desecrate thy precious gifts, and in the darkness hide,
The talents which might be thy own and fellow-wanderers' guide !

A DREAM.

I saw thee in a dream—the same
Thou wast in days of yore;
The tender smile that wreathed thy lip,
The old enchantment wore.

All day I've held it near my heart,
That vision fair and frail;
But now the lines are fading out,
The heavenly tints grow pale.

I ne'er may but in blissful dreams,
Thyself or image see;
Yet like reality it seems,
That thou wast here with me.

And still there lingers round my soul
A soft delicious sense,
As nightly dews on sleeping flowers,
Will leave sweet influence.

THE REJECTED.

Farewell ! The hope that lured me on,
The light that o'er my pathway shone
 And seemed a star of heaven,
I find was but a meteor-gleam,
Like those delusive lights that stream
 Across the marsh at even.

I loved thee with an earnest love
And deemed thy heart all guile above,
 As changeless, pure and true;
Thou wast the theme of every thought—
And yet, vain girl, I sought thee not
 Till taught by thee to woo.

And thou, who with a siren's art,
Didst win this fond, unwary heart,
 Hast scorned the treasure won !
But thou wilt rue, in future years,
With bitter, unavailing tears,
 The wrong thy pride hath done.

And now I calmly turn from thee,
Not reckless what my fate may be;
 But, with an earnest will,
Determined from my soul t' efface
Thy image, that its holy place
 A lovelier one may fill.

A PRESENTIMENT.

O blessed home ! I oft have left
Thy peaceful shades before,
And felt with sad, misgiving heart,
I might return no more.

But never have I felt, as now,
This vague foreboding fear;
This dark presentiment of ill
Impending, far or near.

I see not where the storm may break,
Or where its shadow lies;
But feel it, as we feel the gloom
Of darkly-clouded skies.

I feel as if o'er thee or me
Some change should come to mar
The gladness of my next return,
Or that return to bar.

TO

On my heart thy image falleth,
Solemn, still and grand,
As the palm-tree's stately shadow
On the desert sand.

Cooler lie the sands beneath it,
Gentler plays the breeze;
But it fresheneth not to verdure,
And it quickly flees.

EARTH NOT OUR REST.

The stars, e'rewhile that lit our sky,
Are falling fast around;
The flowers that bloom along our path
Lie withering on the ground.

And sadder grows the vale of tears,
And dim its glory seems;
And hopes that clung to future years
Are fading now as dreams.

Visions of happiness that lured
Our onward steps have fled;
Where once the rainbow-glory smiled,
We find the cloud instead.

O land of shadows! long and wild
Our weary chase has been;
Yet still unwon the prize we sought,
Unslaked the thirst within.

Now, with awakening soul, we feel
Our home is not in thee;
No rest upon thy shores we find,
Or on thy wreck-strewn sea.

The yearnings of th' unsated heart
Point to a world of bliss,
Where permanence shall mark to joys
So briefly held in this.

A land, whose waters, pure and true
Mock not the soul's deep thirst;
Where buds of hope, by heavenly dew,
To fruitful flowers are nursed.

Uprising now, with spirit freed,
We spurn thy broken spell;
The changeless world we claim and seek—
O land of shades! farewell!

FROM THAT HIGH WORLD.

From that high world that lies afar—
The kingdom of the Morning Star—
E'en from beside his glorious throne,
An angel fair came forth alone.
As ether, light, and swift of wing,
Beyond the lightning's quivering spring,
He flashed across the trackless blue,
Till like a star before his view,
Far off the orb terrene appeared,
Expanding as its shores he neared,
Till all-disclosed its features lay,
Most lovely in the moon's soft ray.
Then slowly, while the air was stirred,
By heavenly music spirit-heard,
He sank, till on a mountain's crest,
The dewy grass, his light foot pressed.

Upon that mountain's side there lay
Another spirit, robed in clay,
In posture sad, with forehead prone,
Communing with himself alone,
While on his soul great mysteries pressed,
And stirred deep thoughts that would not rest.
Life, and the mysteries round it thrown,
Death's grand solemnities unknown,
And man, strange pilgrim of the wild,
Of life and death the fated child—
Such themes his mind through mazes led,
Which man may never guideless tread,
Darkness and peril round him lay;
What marvel, had he lost his way?

The path that leads away from God,
In doubt and sin he long had trod;
Had nursed his skeptic creed unblest,
And found "the wicked cannot rest;"
But this was now the gracious hour—
The visitation of His power—
That comes to all with blesings rife,
When pitying Mercy offers life.

A presence felt, invisible,
Held over him a sacred spell ;
And, yielding to its blessed sway,
He rose, and humbly knelt to pray ;
While tears unwonted filled those eyes
Uplifted to the glorious skies.

Then, as he prayed for inward light,
The darkness fled his quickened sight,
And, on His throne, the Judge severe,
Himself revealed in vision clear,
While round Him fierce the lightnings played,
And thunders deep His wrath betrayed !

In trembling terror prostrate lay
The mortal who had spurned the sway
Of the Almighty God, whose ire
Now smote him like consuming fire.
Fiercely the broken law did roll
Its thunders o'er his guilty soul,
And all the stars withdrew their light,
Till round him closed a rayless night.
Remorse his guilty spirit seized,
And dread of vengeance unappeased ;
And helpless and in tears he lay
With trembling lips that strove to pray.

Then came a voice from Calvary's height,
That thrilled the darkness of that night—
A voice that calmed the troubled soul,
And fear subdued to hope's control.

Again he rose, and turned to see
From whence that thrilling voice might be ;
He saw, and ne'er from memory's glass,
The image of that scene could pass,
It was the Almighty God, again,
But on His brow no anger then ;
No lightnings fierce around Him played ;
No thunders ominous dismayed ;
But, where the God repelled before,
A strangely kindred look He wore ;
In dying agony He seemed,
And from His side the life-blood streamed,
“ I die for thee,” He sweetly said ;
“ By pangs of mine thy debt is paid.”

The vision passed—and o'er his soul
A heavenly calmness sweetly stole,
And all around there seemed to play
The glimmerings of immortal day.

To earth he turned his dazzled eyes ;
Then, first, he saw, with glad surprise,
A glorious angel by his side,
Who softly said, “ Behold thy guide !
For thou, of Heaven art now an heir,
And I am sent to lead thee there,
Arise, and gird thee quickly, now,
And bind the helmet round thy brow,
For perilous the path and dread
The Soldier of the Cross must tread !
But fear not—He who reigns above
Regards thee with a father’s love,
Thy sins He freely has forgiven,
And calls thee to His home in Heaven ;
And I, unseen, will hold thy hand,
And guide thee through this dangerous land.”

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

To Friendship's altar what gift shall I bring?

• Of the treasures of earth and sky?

Of the precious things of the ancient hills?

Of the gems that in ocean lie?

Will an offering of these suffice for thee—

The perishing things of earth?

Will they answer the wants, that, of boundless reach,

In the deathless soul have birth?

Shall I ask for thee that thy life may be

A dream of light and joy—

That clouds may never thy path o'ershade,

Or sorrow thy bliss alloy?

Will a prayer like this be an offering meet

For a spirit whose lot is cast

Where the soul is refined by affliction's power,

As gold, by the fiery blast?

Ah! no; let me ask a richer boon—

A worthier gift be thine;

Ay, priceless and fadeless the offering be

That is laid on affection's shrine.

May thine be the peace of the stainless soul—

The blood washed and forgiven!

May thine be the Chrtstian's faith sublime,

And the endless rest of Heaven!

VAIN GIRL, FAREWELL.

Farewell ! The heart whose wasted wealth
Was poured alone on thee,
Still fondly holds the memory dear
Of what thou wast to me.

Throned in my soul's idolatry,
In peerless beauty, thou
To me did'st seem almost divine,
With glory on thy brow !

I love thee ! yea, my spirit bowed,
In worship at thy feet ;
And smiles from thee enkindled hopes,
Illusive still, but sweet.

The halo that around thee hung
Is lost in darkness now ;
And only pride enthroned I see
On thy magnific brow.

Vain girl ! I mourn that, for thy sake,
Distrust of woman's truth
Should take the place of that fond faith
That nerves the heart of youth.

I cannot leave thee, even now,
Without this earnest prayer ;
That thou may'st ne'er, by slighted love,
Be taught the pangs I bear.

SUNSHINE.

Oh ! grand and glorious is the night,
With pomp of moon and stars—
More gorgeous than the rushing light,
When morn her gates unbars !
But cold the light that gilds the night
And awful is its gloom !
The darkness and the chill alike
Are symbols of the tomb !

But, in the warm and gladdening light
That from our sun is poured,
A stronger glory veils its might,
But felt to be adored,
The power to bless with fruitfulness—
To vivify the earth ;
And where that quickening power is felt
All lovely things have birth.

It mitigates the woes of man ;
Some joy to all it brings ;
It seeks the sleepless couch of pain,
With healing in its wings :
Disease and blight, in cowering flight,
Before its steps retreat ;
The pestilence that walks in night
Dares not its influence meet.

But, to the physical unknown,
A holier influence still,
A power by spirit felt alone
That glorious light doth fill ;
To exorcise all spirits dark
The power within it dwells ;
And where it falls it disenthralls
The soul from evil spells.

NIGHT.

The crimson of the western sky
Slow faded to a rosy dye,
And, as the Night advanced her sway,
It paler grew, and passed away.

And now the lamps are lit on high,
And streams of glory flood the sky ;
And through its half transparent dome,
The spirit dimly sees its home ;
And visions, bathed in heavenly light,
Are half revealed to mortal sight.

Behold ! the herald of the queen
Is at the orient portal seen ;
And soon, in peerless majesty,
All-royally appareled, she
Comes from her chamber forth, alone,
And proudly mounts the empyreal throne.

Earth's veil of mingling shade and sheen
Is thrown above her robe of green,
And softly folded on her breast,
Her children all are hushed to rest ;
While over them there seems to dwell
The influence of a holy spell,
As if the over-hovering air
Were hallowed by a mother's prayer.

Oh ! who, on such a night, hath stood,
Amid that soul-baptizing flood !
While all the glorious things of night
Awoke him to intense delight—
And felt the universal Soul,
The quickening spirit of the whole ;
Immersed in depths of Deity ;
Nor felt his immortality ?

MORNING.

How fresh and fair
This early air !
How soft the skies above !
They bend o'er earth,
At Morning's birth,
With tears of silent love.

And incense fills,
From thousand hills,
Heaven's concave with devotion ;
And voices sweet,
In concord meet,
Till music swells like ocean.

The evening hour
Hath spell of power
Mysterious and sublime ;
Earth's vesper hymn !
Foreshadowing dim
Th' unacted scenes of Time.

But Morning bright ;
O'er coming Night,
And sceptred, throned and crowned,
Foreshoweth clear
Th' unshadowed sphere,
Where life's fair goal is found.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

How fair is the earth to-day !

How bright its light !

How soft its shade !

How gently its breezes play !

Its music tones how sweet !

And the fragrant flowers,

That gem its bowers,

How fondly our smiles they meet !

And how our spirits thrill

With thoughts too deep

To silent keep

Though still unspeakable !

Oh, that to me were given

The minstrel's power,

In rapture's hour,

To breathe in tones of heaven !

Then, when these moments come ;

When every sense

Is clear and tense,

And heart and soul at home,

I would the bliss impart ;

In music deep

Its thrill should sweep

O'er many a human heart.

TO A DISTINGUISHED INFIDEL.

Lone dweller in the Vale of Tears !
 Unwreathe thy mournful brow ;
The shadow of thy future years
 Is on thy spirit now.

What boots it that thy name is heard
 From earth's far shores returned,
Or that the thoughts thy voice hath stirred,
 Upon man's heart are burned ?

O'er life's dear waste, by passion driven,
 On fruitless quest, alone,
Disdaining earth, disowned of Heaven,
 Thou tread'st a wild unknown.

Above thy head a cloud is hung,
 Through which thou may'st not see ;
Along thy path are terrors flung,
 Whose frown thou canst not flee.

In vain thou mürmurest 'gainst thy fate,
 Or plain'st of baffled hope ;
That fate is but a broken law
 With which thou canst not cope.

He who the Fount of Life has spurned,
 By his own deed accursed,
Must wander 'mong his cisterns dry
 In everlasting thirst.

And who ignores the Source of Light,
 And wrapped in self-made gloom,
Would kindle sparks to gild that night,
 In darkness finds his doom.

DEATH OF COL. PEYTON COLQUITT.

1.

Upon that dread but glorious day,
Like autumn leaves our heroes lay
 Along the Stream of Death!
Brave souls were passing to the skies,
And God looked down with pitying eyes,
 And angels held their breath.

2.

There, front to front, the armies stood ;
The invader, still unslaked with blood,
 With murderous heart and cold—
And there, with proud, defiant brow
That could not to a conqueror bow,
 Stood freedom's champions bold.

3.

Thus far the strife had desperate been,
And Victory poised the scales between
 Those fiercely struggling foes ;
The Southron fought for more than life,
And, in that wild and stubborn strife,
 To peerless daring rose.

4.

Then, where valorous deeds were done,
And highest meeds of honor won,
 And Hope's fair banner waved,
One gallant form conspicuous shone—
In danger's front his place was known,
 And death he calmly braved.

5.

One moment, from that deadly hail,
Dismayed he saw his followers quail,
 And forward rushed alone ;

With forehead bare and flashing eye,
He waved his gleaming sword on high,
And loudly cheered them on.

6.

Alas ! too fair a mark is seen,
The noble form, the heroic mien,
By wary foeman's eye !
The sword is dropped—the forehead bowed—
The cold dew bathes that forehead proud—
He falls—and falls to die !

7.

By vengeance then his troops were fired ;
By speechless grief and rage inspired,
And rushing on the foe,
The tide of battle onward rolled,
And backward swept the invader bold
In wild resistless flow.

8.

Thus nobly, in his manhood's prime,
In freedom's holy cause sublime,
The gallant Colquitt fell !
The Christian warrior, loved and mourned—
His spirit has to Him returned
Who " doeth all things well."

9.

Oh ! not in vain the patriot dies !
His blood from Freedom's altar cries,
And tyrants stand aghast ;
For Justice heeds and slumbers not—
That blood, though long it seem forgot,
Will be avenged at last.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

We vainly hoped the cloud, that hung
In darkness o'er our skies,
Was lined with light, whose beams, at length,
Should cheer our aching eyes.

We saw it rise as Carmel saw
The darkling spot afar;
We saw it spread in gathering gloom,
Excluding sun and star.

Long, long we watched, and wept, and prayed
The gloom might pass away;
And to our paths return, again,
The light of peaceful day.

Alas ! that darkness might not flee ;
It was no transient cloud,
But Ruin's awful wings outspread,
Our light, our heaven, to shroud.

We knew it not when waves of blood
In storm had swept our land ;
When earthly joys, o'erthrown, lay thick
As wrecks on ocean's strand.

While yet one ray of light appeared,
Our hope was fixed on Heaven ;
But now that last faint ray is quenched,
And hope's last hold is riven.

To Him, the righteous Judge above,
With bleeding hearts we bow ;
We helpless bow—all earthly aims,
All efforts futile now.

TO MRS. M. M——

1.

If friendship could my soul inspire,
Or minstrel skill were mine,
I would, not with a tuneless lyre,
Respond to call of thine.

2.

But powerless now of hand and voice
I strike the chords in vain ;
No answering music bids rejoice,
Or thrills with pleasing pain.

3.

Barred is the fair, enchanted land,
In which I strayed of yore,
And fled the bright aerial band
That haunt my steps no more.

4.

As one, whose path has gently wound
Through valley scenery fair,
With mountain grandeur all around,
And music on the air

5.

Comes through a lonely pass and finds
A desert all before,
Through which his path, far-reaching winds
'Mid flowery scenes no more.

6.

So now to me life's path appears
With song and vision flown ;
And, though I waste not sighs or tears,
I miss the glory gone.

7.

But 'tis not all a dreary waste
 That yet before me lies;
 Green spots I see, with fountains graced,
 Where sheltering palm trees rise.

8.

And though, at times, with weary feet,
 In duty's path I tread,
 The rest beside those founts is sweet—
 With shadows o'er me spread.

9.

Thy friendship is an Elim fair,
 Where many hearts repose;
 Exhaustless in its treasures rare,
 With bloom no fading knows.

10.

And while, along the desert path,
 Such bright oases lie,
 Faint-hearted he who deems he hath
 A lot o'er which to sigh.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

TO MRS. B.—

When the memories of the past
 Round thy soul are gathering fast,
 When thy heart recounts its treasures;
 When thou view'st the future's pleasures,
 In those dreams I ask no part—
 Dearer claims divide thy heart.

Yet, because my love for thee
 Shall endure eternally,
 Some requital I would crave—
 Some remembrance I would have;
 This, oh! this, I ask of thee,
 When thou pray'st remember me!

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. M. M—.

The aching hearts that bleed for thee
May now be calm and still,
But, where thy image wont to be,
The void—oh ! who can fill ?

Our feet may roam 'neath other skies,
And kindly hearts surround,
But none may love like that which lies
Within the hallowed ground.

We miss thee, gentle friend ! oh ! oft
We miss thy cheering smile,
Thy voice, whose tones so sweet and soft
Could cares and toils beguile.

The old familiar paths we tread,
So often trod with thee ;
But, where thy smile its radiance shed,
Is awful vacancy !

And sadly for ourselves we mourn,
And for the stricken earth,
That thou shouldst from our arms be torn
With all thy matchless worth.

Woe for the broken hearts, to thine
By ties of kindred bound !
For them th' unfailing love Divine
A healing balm be found !

But, not for thee, O glorious one !
Should sighs or tears be given ;
Long hadst thou sought the rest now won,
And long been meet for Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. L. B. A——.

BY F. A. THIGPEN.

To us God kindly gave, last Spring,
A tender, lovely flower,
There was on earth no fairer plant
In any lady's bower.

With fragile stem and tender leaves
It slowly, sweetly grew ;
Whilst all around a perfume sweet
Our little flow'ret threw.

With careful hand and anxious heart
We saw its leaves unfold,
Until we felt for it a love
Whose depths can ne'er be told.

The Spring's soft breeze and Summer's sun
But made a transient stay,
And Winter's cold and piercing blast
Soon swept our flower away !

We strove, in vain, its life to save ;
We watched around its bed ;
But soon it slept within its grave,
"A dweller with the dead."

Our hearts, now bowed in deepest woe,
Deplore its early death,
Although we know it blooms above,
Where life is not a breath.

But in our great and grievous loss,
A loving God is seen :
He gave, and He has taken hence
Our precious Minnie Dean.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A broad, fair stream, with noiseless tide,
Rolled through a forest dark and wide ;
And, where its banks retreating lay,
Encircling round a tiny bay,
A band of radiant angels stood,
And gazed upon the glittering flood ;
And there, just launched upon the bay,
A little barque all trembling lay ;
A shell-like thing, so fair and frail,
With silver mast and silken sail.
And then I saw, reclining there,
A child-like form, exceeding fair,
With cherub brow and cheek of snow,
Just tinted with a rosy glow ;
With soft, fair hair and dimpled arms—
With coral lips of rarest charms ;
Eyes of that undetermined hue,
That medium clear the soul looks through,
Which, changeful as the summer skies,
Brings haunting dreams of Paradise.

It was this babe so heavenly fair,
That claimed the watchful angel's care ;
And, as the barque the current bore,
They glided still along the shore.
'Twas morn, and gentle breezes crept
Among the trees, and lightly swept
Above the stream and filled the sail
That onward bore the vessel frail ;
The dew-drops glittered on the leaves,
The golden web the sunlight weaves
Fell o'er the shadowy ground and stream,
And that fair child, amidst its gleam,
And amidst the odors from the land,
And amidst the freshening breezes bland,
Looked up with bright and beaming eye,
And clapped its hands in ecstasy.
Life was to it a sea of bliss,
Unfathomed as the blue abyss ;
It dreamed not of the rocks below,
Nor of the storms that o'er it blow.

Thus on it floated down the tide
 Which ever grew more strong and wide ;
 But not alone the silken sail
 Was wafted by the freshening gale.
 A thousand barques the broad stream bore,
 And guardian angels lined the shore ;
 The heavens were near and open there,
 As in the Patriarch's vision fair,
 And shining wings and robes of light
 Above them held unceasing flight ;
 And golden chains of fabric rare
 Fell, glittering, through the sunlit air,
 Like threads of gossamer, so light
 They would not strike the careless sight,
 Along whose fine and thrilling frame,
 Electric symbols went and came ;
 One end of each was held in Heaven,
 And one to each young voyager given.

On, on, they floated down the tide
 Which ever grew more strong and wide ;
 And higher rose the morning sun,
 The dew-drops were exhaled and gone,
 The matin song of birds was hushed ;
 But still with flowers the banks were flushed.
 I watched the little silken sail
 That sped the shell-like vessel frail ;
 And its fair occupant, no more
 A nestling infant as before,
 But wearing childhood's riper grace,
 With still a cherub form and face
 Two loving spirits hovered by,
 And turned the helm when rocks were nigh
 Who differed from the angel band
 That swept the air and walked the land ;
 More likeness to the child they bore,
 And look of deeper interest wore ;
 They seemed not of immortal birth,
 But part of Heaven and part of earth.

The sun had half-way reached the noon ;
 The spring was in its loveliest bloom ;
 The child was now a maiden fair
 With still that angel face and air.
 As on the youthful voyagers sped,
 I saw that, glittering overhead,

A cloud of earthly passions flew,
And almost hid the heavens from view ;
And siren strains came o'er the deep,
That lulled unwatchful souls to sleep,
Or lured them from their course astray,
To where the treacherous whirlpool lay ;
And many then unloosed the hold
By which they clasped the chains of gold,
Their heaven-fast cables, and no more
Their guardian angels trod the shore ;
But she, that blessed girl, did she
Forget her immortality ?
Could Pleasure's painted wings outspread,
Or shadowy forms of terrors dread,
Obscure her heaven, or lure astray
Her vessel from its steadfast way ?
No ! e'en when storms, with fearful sweep,
Aroused the dark and angry deep,
And hurled the boats with awful force,
They could not move her from her course ;
They could not loose the steadfast hold
By which she clasped her chain of gold ;
Nor break the intercourse divine
Which passed along that slender line.

The stream was now almost a sea,
And wild in its rapidity ;
But, here and there, upon its breast,
Were isles, affording transient rest,
Within whose sheltering harbors moored,
Lay many a barque, from storms secured ;
And here and there were towers, whose height
Extended far the range of sight,
From which, when winds propitious blew,
And raised the cloud that hid the view,
Might glimpses of a land be seen
Far off, whose shores were ever green.
Embosomed in that ocean vast
To which the stream was hurrying fast,
And music from its palmy bowers,
And perfume from immortal flowers,
Came sometimes faintly o'er the wave
And foretaste of its pleasures gave.
And angels said that ever there
The sea was calm and skies were fair ;
That pain and grief were there unknown
And joy forever held the throne.

And warning, too, they sometimes gave
Of dangerous shores beyond the wave,
Far to the left of that fair isle,
A land that wore no bloom nor smile,
Where Ruin held unbounded sway,
And darkness o'er his kingdom lay,
And some, with reverent soul atten
To every heavenly message sent,
Gave earnest heed and steered aright,
Through rocks and whirlpools, storm and night;
But many floated down the tide,
Unheeding every heavenly guide;
And, dread as might the danger seem,
They held their warnings as a dream,
And, though neglecting chart and helm,
Still hoped to reach that goodly realm.

THE TWO CROWNS.

1.

In vision fair I saw a throne,
So lofty that the form thereon
Seemed unapproachable ;
Her lineaments I could not trace,
For incense rose before her face,
And wrapped her as a veil.

2.

But through the gloom, like stars at night,
Shone forth a diadem of light,
Whose glory seemed divine ;
And ever, in her shadowy hand,
She waved it o'er the kneeling band
That worshipped at her shrine.

3.

I saw a youth amid the throng,
With harp attuned to lofty song,
Whose hopes to her were given ;
I saw him bend before her there,
And pour his soul in humble prayer,
As to the God of Heaven.

4.

And, step by step, he climbed alone,
E'en to the footstool of the throne,
And, kneeling, claimed the prize ;
While every eye was on him bent,
And all their thrilling voices blent,
Ascended to the skies.

5.

Then, as the echoes fainter grew,
The victor rose before my view,
And Fame's high gift was seen ;
No radiant crown of glory now,
But, fitter for that burning brow,
A simple wreath of green.

6.

And yet, I, in his flaming eye
 Could read of aspirations high,
 Which from this height looked up;
 I saw earth's plaudit's had no power
 To soothe his heart, in that dark hour
 Of disappointed hope.

7.

What was that fading wreath to him,
 Who sought a deathless crown to win,
 But bitterest mockery!
 As flowers of night in sunshine bow,
 E'en now, around his ardent brow,
 Its leaves hung witheringly.

8.

His wakened soul had burst its chain,
 And spread its broad wings, not in vain,
 A loftier height to win;
 And now, before his clearer view,
 Earth's glory faded, and the true,
 Eternal light broke in.

9.

He sat upon the throne with Fame,
 And heard the nations praise his name,
 And wore the laureate's crown;
 Yet his high soul the homage spurned,
 And from Fame's wildering smile he turned,
 And cast her laurel down.

10.

I saw him once again. Serene
 He stood above life's stormy scene,
 With victory on his brow.
 A holier struggle, bravely passed,
 Had won the long-sought prize at last,
 And glory crowned him now.

THE SHIPWRECK.

1.

A maiden stood upon the shore,
And gazed across the sea,
Where many a gallant bark was seen
With pennon floating free.

2.

With anxious thought her eyes were ben
Upon the dark blue wave,
And many a keen and searching glance
Unto the barks she gave.

3.

For treasures rare that maiden bore,
Entrusted to her hand
By One who, on a distant shore,
Would sternly all demand,

4.

And now, from out that noble throng,
All seeming firm as fair,
One must be chosen, o'er the deep
Herself and gems to bear.

5.

Then many a goodly ship advanced
And stood beside the pier,
And many a fair commander said—
“Embark thy treasure here!”

6.

But of her trust the maiden thought,
And of the distant shore,
And of the dark and fearful wreck
Amid the breakers' roar.

7.

And still, though earnest vows were breathed,
 And strong assurance given
 Of safety on the perilous track,
 And rest in promised haven;

8.

By long delay she strove to make
 A wise election sure,
 And chose, at last, that strength of build
 Which longest might endure.

9.

With favoring gales, o'er glassy seas,
 They blithely sped along;
 No Scylla, no Charybdis frowned,
 Nor lured the Siren's song.

10.

But soon the Captain's mien was changed,
 For madness filled his heart;
 The compass in the sea he threw,
 Nor heeded map or chart.

11.

“That superstitious faith,” he said,
 “Which, trusting blindly, bold
 Will cling to a mysterious guide
 He would no longer hold!”

12.

He did not see the dangerous reefs
 Each moment nearer draw;
 But terror filled the lady's heart,
 For no escape she saw.

13.

They passed, indeed, a dreary isle,
 Where once she thought to land,
 But shrunk with loathing from its face
 Of bare and burning sand.

14.

And then, because the sea was calm,
With deadliest peril near,
She daily marked their dangerous course
With daily lessening fear.

15.

But clouds were gathering on the sky,
And soon the stars were veiled;
And, guideless, on an unknown sea,
The Captain's skill had failed.

16.

Then helpless, driven by adverse winds,
The doomed ship floated on;
And anguish filled the hearts on board—
For hope's last light was gone.

17.

She struck! and wild and dark the scene,
And, "Lost!" the thrilling cry;
Then streaming eyes were raised to Heaven,
Hands wrung in agony.

18.

But strong and swift the rush of waves,
And dark the tempest's frown;
And soon, with all her precious freight,
The helpless wreck went down.

THE SPIRITUAL VOYAGE.

Against a mighty stream, and dark,
With feeble arm, in fragile barque,
Alone I strove ; for visions bright,
Which thrilled my spirit with delight—
Of glorious forms, whose tones were love,
Whose joys all human thought above—
Adown the stream had often come,
And won my soul to seek their home.

And more than this—the mandate high,
Of One who claimed infinity,
Had bid me leave my native land,
Whose strongest towers were built on sand,
And seek 'neath other skies a home
Before the storm of wrath should come,
Whose course of fury none could stay,
But wreck and ruin mark its sway.

With earnest hope I plied the oar,
To gain that beatific shore,
But all in vain—the waves, in pride,
My utmost effort still defied,
And mocked my weakness, till, at length,
O'er mastered by superior strength,
I dropped the ineffectual oar,
In baffled hope, to strive no more.

Now swiftly down the raging flood,
'Mid night and storm, I wildly rode ;
The darkness deepened as I went—
The stars fled from the firmament—
The visions from the blissful shore
Around me shed their light no more,
But mournful sounds of grief and woe
Came rolling from the gloom below.

With sudden fear my heart was filled ;
The current of my life was chilled.
I dared not look before to see
The fearful doom awaiting me,

But closed my eyes and downward sunk,
And still my heart with terror shrunk,
Till o'er my soul dread slumber came,
And bound me as an iron chain.

As thus my barque to ruin rushed,
One instant all the strife was hushed,
And on my soul, amid that calm,
A voice was poured like heavenly balm :
“Return !” the blessed spirit said,
And, instantly, my slumbers fled.

I rose and quickly grasped the oar,
But wiser than I was before :
“Oh ! not in vain, my God !” I cried,
“Have I my spirit’s weakness tried ;
My hand can never bear my barque
Against this flood, so strong and dark !”

In deep humility I prayed
To Him, the Almighty One, for aid,
And vowed that in His only might,
And guided only by His light,
I would, with confidence, again
Attempt that dangerous stream to stem.

Outshone the stars upon my way,
The breeze came on in gentle play,
And lightly o'er the waves I sped,
While heavenly dews were on me shed ;
My soul with secret gladness thrilled,
And love and praise my bosom filled.

Now, far along before my view,
The Tree of Life its branches threw ;
And voices from the blessed land
Were wafted by the breezes bland ;
And Hope her heavenly anthem sung,
And round my barque the echoes rung.

FANCIFUL ORIGIN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

1.

Ere yet the glorious host of Night
Had crossed the western bar,
The King of Day, in power and pride,
Pursued them from afar.

2.

But when the orient gates, thrown wide,
His onward path revealed,
Not one lone, lingering star was left
Upon the azure field.

3.

And all along the distant west,
Hung to conceal their flight,
A dark, impenetrable cloud
Met the stern warrior's sight.

4.

Amazed and foiled, but dauntless still,
O'er that wild solitude,
The warrior monarch, fierce and swift,
The flying host pursued.

5.

But speed was vain 'gainst equal speed,
And power by distance vain;
He saw by artifice alone
He must his purpose gain.

6.

Then, all enwrapped in sable state,
He, with his orby shield,
The fearful brightness of his face
And shining arms concealed.

7.

Unknown, undreaded, then he sped
In darkness on his way,
Until he reached the cloudy bourne
That marked the realm of Day.

8.

A rent in that dark curtain found
 A glorious scene revealed,
 Where Night with all his glittering host
 Emblazed the sable field.

9.

And near, almost within his grasp,
 The royal tents were spread ;
 Where, dreaming not of danger near,
 Reposed each weary head.

10.

With sudden onset, fierce and fast,
 His fiery darts he hurled,
 And soon, above a conquered field,
 His blazing flag unfurled.

11.

Then royal knees were lowly bent,
 And royal heads discrowned ;
 The conqueror led his captive train
 In golden fetters bound.

12.

But when the brilliant cortege reached
 His own imperial throne,
 The cry for vengeance in his heart
 Assumed a milder tone.

13.

As treatment harsh of conquered foe
 Would his own glory dim,
 The conqueror gave to each a realm,
 But subject all to him.

14.

Fair Venus near himself he placed,
 On sapphire throne, and set
 Upon her proud and beauteous brow
 A glittering coronet.

15.

Then Terra swayed a region wide,
 And Dian, chaste and bright
 As Maid of Honor, held her train,
 And trimmed her lamp by night.

16.

The warlike Mars, but half subdued,
 And from his Venus far,
 Around an ample kingdom rolled,
 Upon his fiery car.

17.

But Jupiter was mightiest far,
 And throned in highest state ;
 Scarce dimmer seemed his glorious crown
 Than that he wore of late.

18.

Between his territory vast
 And that of Mars there lay
 A border-land o'er which a tribe
 Of womankind held sway.

19.

There Juno ruled her banished court,
 And Vesta trimmed her fire ;
 There nymphs and muses gaily danced,
 Or struck the sounding lyre.

20.

Swift Mercury the conqueror held
 At hand to do his will ;
 But Saturn's realm was distant far,
 And Neptune's farther still.

21.

But space would fail to tell the tale
 Of all those stars of light ;
 But thus it came the King of Day
 Now rules the sons of Night.

THE YEARS.

I.

I see them on their solemn march,
Mysterious and sublime,
Across the gray, stupendous arch
That spans the gulf of Time.

Majestic, strong, with measured tread,
Their line unbroken still,
With sceptred hand and crowned head,
Unmoved by human will.

They come and go. Uncalled they come,
Irrevocable go.
And, passing, each presents a cup
Of mingled joy and woe.

4.

And yet, so slightly mixed the draught
Which every lip must press,
That misery oft alone is quaffed
In all its bitterness.

5.

And some, though few, there be to whom
The joy unmixed is given,
Who dwell in love, and light, and bloom
As in the air of heaven !

6.

Each carries in his hand a scroll,
And writes effaceless there
The record of each human soul,
Impartial, dark or fair.

7.

Each rules a mighty realm, and thence
Exhaustless tribute draws,
Which back returns with usury vast,
By Time's unerring laws.

8.

They walk in growing light, and shower
Increasing treasures down;
Each sceptre shows advance of power,
And each successive crown.

9.

But whether dark or bright they pass,
We know of them no more,
No voice comes back to say their feet
Have passed the cloud-veiled shore.

10.

Ah, precious years! how few we greet!
How brief their blessed stay!
But still they speak with warning voice
While passing swift away.

11.

By tantalizing hopes that lure,
By disappointment's sting,
They bid us find some anchorage sure
To which our hope may cling.

12.

By scenes unfixed as ocean's foam,
By joys that come no more,
They point us to a changeless home
On Heaven's eternal shore.

LIFE AND THE BOY.

Through all the sunny days of childhood they played together, and the boy loved his companion for her joyousness, for no shadow ever darkened her brow, no tear ever dimmed the lustre of her glorious eyes. Thus years passed by, and the ties that bound them grew stronger and stronger.

Maturer grace continually stole over the young form of Life, while, careless as the birds of Spring, she still warbled her matin song.

But one day she came to the boy with a very earnest countenance, and, taking his hand in hers, sat down by his side, and the boy's own heart grew serious and almost sad as he gazed into her face with thoughtful eyes. Then she told him that, in the great world, there were millions of hearts aching with sorrows too great to be told; and numberless brows, throbbing with pain, that had no pillow on which to rest; and homeless children, with no father or mother to comfort them; and that, all over the broad earth, there were men who had lost the sunlit path of happiness, and were wandering in dark and winding ways, beset with snares and pits, going down through misery to everlasting death.

Tears gathered in the eyes of the boy, as he listened to the words of Life; and his heart was filled with sorrow, because the world was so full of misery; and he wondered if there was no remedy for its evils.

“Yes,” said Life, “there is a remedy. For this very purpose the universal Father has bound his earthly children into one great brotherhood; that the powerful may shield the defenseless, the strong, uphold the weak, and the wise direct the erring; and every one who has a single blessing is bound by this great law of humanity to share it with another.”

“Then,” said the boy, “it is time for me to be up and doing. Give me thy hand in earnest, and let us go forth to fulfill our destiny. I have blessings enough to scatter on every side, as I go; and, oh, how happy I shall be to see the tears dried up, and the darkness dispelled, the aching brows made easy, and the broken hearts bound up! Let me go now—I will rest no more till I have accomplished my mission.”

That promise of his youth was kept; and every day Life grew more beautiful, and dearer to his soul, for she led him, continually, to new and higher degrees of happiness. He walked in light; and you might trace his path, as you can trace a river's course through the forest, by the fresher verdure and the loftier growth. “When the ear heard him then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to

perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

But his mission was soon fulfilled. One day Life came to him with tearful eyes, and said: "We must part now. I have led thee through many scenes, and thou hast known my worth, and hast not lightly esteemed me; but thou art now prepared for a higher world, and I am confined to this. I see thy heart is filled with sorrow, and it was the fear of this that has made me sad."

"How can I part from thee?" exclaimed the youth. "What shall I do without thee in that unknown world?"

"I have a sister," replied Life, "infinitely fairer than I, whose name is Immortality; she will be thy companion in that glorious realm. Thou wilt love her more than thou hast ever loved me, and thou shalt never endure the pang of saying to her 'Farewell!'"

But the soul of the youth still clung to the companion of his former years; and, when Life gave her parting kiss, his heart was wrung with agony, and he turned away to conceal his tears. At that moment he caught a glimpse of the fair face of Immortality, who had come to meet him; and, so like her sister did she seem, yet so much more beautiful, so angelic in her face and bearing, that all his love for Life, sublimed and intensified, was transferred to her. A bright smile wreathed his lips, and joy unutterable lighted up the depths of his dark eyes, which looked back no more, until, with his beatific companion, he entered the gates of the Celestial City, to go out no more forever.

THE COUSINS.

Maud and Blanche were high-born maidens,
Young and wondrous fair;
Maud, a blonde of sunlight beauty,
Blanche, with raven hair.

Loving so that naught could sever,
Counterparts were they;
Charming all (though rivals never)
Each in different way.

Blanche, a sculptor's finest model,
Found in moments rare;
Maud, a painter's dream of beauty,
Floating in the air.

Lady Blanche was like the diamond—
Facial, sharp and bright;
Lady Maud, a dew-drop trembling
In the morning light.

Soft and plastic in her temper,
Finely rounded still;
Gently yielding to the pressure
Of a stronger will.

Lady Blanche was will incarnate;
Yet so sweet her mien,
Like the sun's, her sceptre only
In effect was seen.

Ample revenues were Blanche's—
Acres broad and fair;
Maud was dowered alone with beauty,
And her virtues rare.

Lady Blanche had many lovers—
Lords of high degree;
Maud had only one—a noble,
Of God's making, he.

Loving, and oh ! true and gentle
 As a knight of old.
 More to Maud was his devotion
 Than earth's mines of gold.

With a rosy flush suffusing
 Pearly cheek and brow,
 Timidly to Blanche she whispered
 Of a lover's vow.

Vows of love to Blanche were trifles ;
 For her heart, as yet,
 Lay as calm as pearls in ocean,
 Though so fierce beset.

But her sight was keen and piercing ;
 And she fathomed well
 Maud's clear heart, and knew the secrets
 Of its deepest cell.

Knew the consecrated image
 Fondly there enshrined :
 Saw the incense ever burning
 In that cell confined.

And she purposed firm that sacred
 Idol to dethrone ;
 Not from zeal iconoclastic,
 But from pride alone.

Brightly smiled she on the maiden,
 Lightly kissed her cheek ;
 "And you come, my gentle novice,
 With confession meek,

"Seeking from your world-wise cousin
 Skill in that fine art,
 That can crush his aspirations
 And not crush his heart?"

"Blanche!" "Be still, my gentle cousin !
 You that art shall learn ;
 Though the daring youth's presumption
 Merits harsh return."

“Daring! Edward’s blood is gentle,”
 “Far beneath our own.
 Ours the proudest in the kingdom,
 Scarce below the throne.”

“Blanche, I am not Edward’s equal;
 That is all I fear.
 To the proudest lord in England
 He is more than peer.”

“Maud, you know my father rather
 Would behold you dead,
 Than that you should love so lowly
 That you dare not wed.”

“But if I *should* dare?” “Then ruin,
 Swift, remediless,
 Hurls you from your high-born station—
 Brands you with disgrace!

“But, oh, Maud! you would not, surely,
 From your kindred part;
 Breaking social ties and customs—
 Better break his heart.”

“But I love him, Maud! and breaking
 His I crush my own;
 How can social ties or kindred
 For my loss atone?”

““When the tree of love is budding,
 Ere its leaves are green—
 Ere by shower and sunbeam nourished
 Its young life hath been—

“Then the wild bee’s touch might wring the
 Buds from off the tree;
 As the swallow’s wing can break the
 Bubbles on the sea.’”

“Yes, ‘but when its leaves have found a
 Home in the free air,
 Pluck them, and a wound remaining
 Ever rankles there.

‘Blight of hope and happiness is
 Felt when fond ones part;
 And the tear that follows is the
 Life-blood of the heart.’”

“Maud, let noble pride reclaim you
 From this wayward mood.””
 “Pride of birth! O, vampyre, feeding
 On my heart’s warm blood!””

Thus they parted—Blanche not doubting
 Of complete success,
 Then she saw the soft heart writhing
 In its bitterness.

Maud, surprised, amazed, indignant;
 Full of high resolve
 That the snare of pride should never
 Her true heart involve.

Maud was proud of Edward’s homage;
 And her heart was wrung,
 Where she rather should be envied,
 Thus to have been stung.

And that Blanche, her friend and equal,
 Should her love restrict!
 Then she found that hands the dearest
 Deepest wounds inflict.

But she would not yield—no never!
 Woman’s dearest right;
 Her no human power should sever
 From her own true knight.

Yet, there rose within a feeling
 Which, though disallowed,
 Shrank from scorn of condescension
 From her kindred proud.

And, by subtle arts of Blanche’s—
 Edward far away—
 Maud was conscious that his glory
 Faded ray by ray.

Yet, she clung to him, her idol,
With despairing clasp,
As one clings to drifting ice-floe,
Melting in his grasp;

Till, when home returned, the lover
Pressed his suit again ;
To her own surprise she told him
That his love was vain.

She, the world's false code rejecting,
By that code was swayed ;
She, her right of will asserting,
Others' will obeyed.

Though no other love, forever,
Could her true heart fill ;
Though broad earth held not his equal,
She renounced him still.

Struck as by a flash of lightning ;
Startled, stunned, amazed ;
On her blushing face a moment,
Edward mutely gazed.

Then the crimson tide retreating
From his lofty brow,
Calm and pale he rose and left her
With a silent bow.

All was o'er ; and Maud was conscious
Nought could e'er erase
From her heart the graven image
Of that anguished face.

And she, when it from her presence
Passed with wordless lips,
Felt the coldness and the darkness
Of a great eclipse.

Lady Blanche was very gentle
To the wounded heart ;
Pitying, though not comprehending
Its unceasing smart.

Till immedicable finding
Wounds beyond her skill,
Oil and balm of worldly comfort
Wasting on them still.

Maud, like other gentle natures,
Stung and wounded here,
Turned for help in helpless sorrow
To a higher sphere.

Ah ! the mercy of our Father—
That, in earth's despair,
Hearts, that here can find no refuge,
Find it ever there.

But she faded as a flowret,
Softly, day by day ;
Sweetly, as the flower in fragrance
Breathes its life away ;

As the lake's dark bosom, heaving
'Neath unlooked-for storm ;
Peaceful images all broken,
Mixed, and void of form—

Edward Erston's heart, so tranquil
In its wonted mood,
Passion-swept, in dark confusion,
Long the storm withstood.

But it passed ; and calmer, stronger,
Nobler than before,
Firm he trod his shadowed pathway,
Looking back no more.

As the planet, clear and steady,
Does its course fulfill ;
Swerving not, in duty's orbit,
On he glided still.

Laboring for the good of others,
Not his own he sought ;
To a noble cause devoting
Power, and means, and thought.

None knew in his heart that, buried,
Love dispelled its gloom,
As the lamp that ever burneth
In some ancient tomb.

It was night—and Maud lay dying.
Through the silent room
Violets, in the open window,
Wafted sweet perfume.

And the light that, softly tinted,
Filled the spacious place,
Half concealed the ghastly paleness
Of the wasted face.

Blanche, as wont, beside her sitting,
Faithful watch to keep,
Held her hand, and knew she did not,
Though she seemed to, sleep.

Knew her ear, alert, expectant,
Caught the faintest sound;
Listening for a step, yet fearing
Its familiar bound.

Clear and strong, amid the silence,
Tolling forth the hour,
Came the solemn voice of iron
From the distant tower.

Maud unclosed her eyes and whispered,
“He should now be here.
Where is uncle?” “Gone to meet him :
They are, doubtless, near.”

Blanche, herself, alarmed and anxious,
Suffered scarcely less;
Though beneath a calm exterior
Hiding her distress.

For she knew that dire disaster
Had the train delayed;
And that, for the dead and wounded,
Calls had come for aid.

Knew that Maud had sent for Edward,
 Ere her breath should cease,
 That her soul, with his forgiveness,
 Might depart in peace.

And if, either dead or dying,
 He should here be brought,
 Maud must know, and oh ! she shuddered,
 Shrinking from the thought.

Suddenly Maud's chilly fingers
 Tightly clasped her own ;
 And she spoke, with eyes wide flashing,
 In excited tone :

“ Listen, Blanche ! ” and softened voices,
 Heavy steps, and slow,
 As of men a burden bearing,
 Sounded from below.

Blanche, her hand from Maud's withdrawing,
 Lest its sudden thrill
 Should betray her agitation,
 Sat beside her still.

Presently, her father's footsteps
 Heard she on the stair ;
 And the earl, a moment after,
 Stood before them there.

Maud, my child, be very quiet,
 Erston waits below ;
 Eager now to come and see you—
 Waits your will to know.

“ You are weak to-night, my darling ;
 Would you rather wait ? ”
 “ No, dear uncle, in the morning,
 It may be too late.”

Then he marked the change, with sadness,
 Which an hour had wrought.
 “ As you will—it may be better—
 He shall now be brought.”

“ Brought ? ” “ Yes ; by some chance untoward,
 He has suffered harm ;
 Injured, not, I trust, severely,
 Both in foot and arm.”

Then he left the solemn chamber,
 With that awful fear
 Which the bravest hearts acknowledge
 That grim phantom near.

Soon, again, upon the stairway
 Muffled steps were heard ;
 And Maud laid her hand in Blanche’s,
 But essayed no word.

At the door the litter halted ;
 And the dying girl
 Saw her pallid lover enter,
 Leaning on the earl.

Saw that he, with painful effort,
 Strove his pain to hide ;
 Strove to keep his stately bearing,
 More from love than pride.

Strove to cross the spacious chamber
 Ere his strength should fail ;
 Sank within a chair beside her,
 Speechless, faint and pale.

Back against the crimson cushion
 Leaned the noble head ;
 White and still the marble features,
 As if life had fled.

Blanche, who had, of late, not seldom
 Felt remorse’s fang,
 Now marked Edward’s wasted beauty
 With a silent pang.

But on dying Maud what anguish
 Fell her joy to blight,
 Seeing how had loved and suffered
 Her own peerless knight.

Ah! if death her fault could cancel—
 Could its fruits destroy—
 Happiness restore to Edward—
 She could die with joy.

Then the sweet, sad eyes were opened
 With a weary sigh;
 Fixed their gaze on Maud's, and lingered
 Oh! so tenderly.

And she: “I have wronged you, Edward;
 Yet, I pray forgive!
 Dying, ask I what I would not
 If I still might live.”

Infinite the love and pity
 In his eyes that shone;
 Fathomless the solemn pathos
 Thrilling through his tone.

“Maud, my love is dead and buried.
 Die you now, or live,
 As I hope for Heaven's mercy,
 Freely I forgive.”

“Edward, I have loved you only—
 Loved through good and ill,
 Though I wronged you, 'twas my weakness,
 Not, oh! not my will.

Now my young life pays the forfeit—
 But, without regret—
 E'en with joy, if I could only
 Know you love me yet.”

Brokenly and slowly spoke she;
 Faint, with failing breath;
 But her yearning love, a moment,
 Held her back from death.

As the sun thro' storm-clouds breaking,
 Spite of mortal pain
 E'en so Edward's face, now radiant,
 Beamed on her again.

'Twas no base, inglorious triumph
Such deep joy expressed;
Kindled so the dark eyes' splendor,
Heaved the noble breast.

O'er his fair youth's desolation—
O'er pride's bitter slight—
O'er his great love's non-requital—
O'er his heart's dark blight—

Victor rose he in the presence
Of the haughty earl;
Yet regarding, seeing nothing
Save that dying girl.

“Love you? oh! my precious darling!
Still, as through the past,
With a love unchanging, deathless,
Love I to the last.”

With a smile, her eyes uplifted,
Looked not back again.
Faint her “Lord receive my spirit,”
Strong his deep “Amen.”

Then the eyes were closed, and gently
Maud, in mute farewell,
Pressed her uncle's hand and Blanche's,
And the shadow fell.

Seemed a void within the chamber,
When that soul had passed;
And a great regret and yearning
On their hearts it cast.

Failing, then, the strength fictitious,
Which had borne so well,
All his suffering frame exhausted,
Erston, fainting, fell.



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